

THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND  
Literary Journal.

VOL. I.]

AUGUST, 1812.

[No. 4

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIRS OF LORD WELLINGTON,

Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's Forces,  
chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of  
Ireland, &c. &c.

HAVING been so fortunate as to procure an admirable resemblance of the subject of this brief memoir, we are happy in being able to present it to the public, and to commence our monthly labours with some account of the services of one of the most rising officers of the present day.

Sir Arthur Wellesley is the third surviving son of Gerald Earl of Mornington, of the Kingdom of Ireland, by Anne, eldest daughter of Arthur, first Viscount Dungannon, of the same country. He was born on the first of May, 1769, and received his early education at Eton—whence he proceeded to Angers in France, where he went through his exercises at that celebrated military academy, of which M. Pignerole was then principal, with great and distinguished credit. Sir Arthur's destination being the army, he entered it as a subaltern at an early age; but the country being then in a state of profound peace, he attained the rank of field-officer, without having had any opportunity of distinguishing himself. During this period, however, his time was not lost, as he applied closely to the study of his profession, as well of its theoretic as practical branches, and thus rendered himself equal to the arduous commands which

subsequently fell to his lot. We may be allowed also to remark, that he never spent any part of this period in the family of a general officer, as *aide-de-camp* or brigade major; and perhaps he owes to that very circumstance the strong energies of his mind, and his habits of decision in moments of the extremest difficulty.

During the first revolutionary war, Sir Arthur Wellesley served as a field-officer in the small army of ten thousand men, despatched from this country in aid of the Duke of York, under the command of the Earl of Moira.—The fatal campaign of 1794 is too well known and remembered to be here dwelt upon. It gave Sir Arthur, however the opportunity he had long sought of displaying those military talents he must have been conscious he possessed: at the head of a brigade of three battalions, he conducted its retreat under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, in such a manner as to excite the applause, and gain the approbation of his superiors.

We next find Sir Arthur Wellesley embarked on board the great fleet destined for the West-Indies, commanded by Admiral Christian. The severity of the gales which this armament encountered, having forced the greater part of it to return home, the expedition itself fell to the ground, and was never again resumed on the same vast scale.

A brighter period in the life of this gallant officer now approaches. When happily for the interests of the Brit-

ish empire, the Marquis Wellesley, then Earl of Mornington, elder brother of Sir Arthur, was appointed Governor-general of Bengal and its dependencies, the subject of this memoir having succeeded by purchase to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 33d regiment of infantry, he sailed with it from Ireland: and had scarcely arrived in India, when he was put in orders for the expedition then on foot for the reduction of Manilla and actually embarked therewith. But the political horizon of India blackening at that moment, from the discovered hostility of Tippoo Sultaun, and the intrigues of France in concert with him, for the destruction of the British empire in Hindostan, the design was laid aside, and has never since been resumed.

When the great and comprehensive mind of the Governor-general bent itself to the destruction of the tyrant of Mysore, a step become absolutely necessary from the causes above adverted to, Colonel Wellesley, was attached to the Madras army, then commanded by Lieutenant-general Harris, who soon after appointed him to the command of that division of it which was assembled at Lall Pitt preparatory to the Mysorean war, which was now upon the eve of commencing.

After the reduction of the French force in the Deccan, by one of those masterly enterprises which distinguish the Marquis Wellesley's Indian government above all which have ever preceded it, had released the Nizam from a species of oppression and control he knew not how to resist; that prince cheerfully furnished a contingent force in aid of the British armies, now on full march from several points of India, to the attack of Tippoo.—His highness's arms consisted of a subsidiary body of 6000 of the company's troops, about as many of his own, and a large proportion of cavalry.—As soon as it arrived at a point where it could act in conjunction with the grand army under General-Harris, its separate

command was given to Colonel Wellesley, under which it maintained, for the residue of the campaign, the highest reputation for discipline, bravery, and activity—qualities very foreign in general to the character of the native troops of India.

On the ever memorable 4th of May, 1799, when the same blow which put an end to the life of Tippoo Sultaun terminated that dynasty of which he was the second of its princes, and gave his capital to the conquering arms of Britain—a day which, to use the energetic language of the Governor-General, “raised the reputation of the British arms in India to a degree of splendour and glory unrivalled in the military history of that quarter of the globe, and seldom approached in any part of the world;” Colonel Wellesley commanded the reserve at the assault of the fort of Seringapatam, and was thanked in public orders by General Harris, for his gallant conduct in that severe and trying affair.

In order for the arrangement of the division of the territories of the late Tipoo Sultaun, the Governor-general deeming it expedient to establish a commission for the purpose of the settlement of Mysore, Colonel Wellesley was named in conjunction with General Harris, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, and Lieutenant-colonels Kilpatrick and Close, to this important duty; a task which they seem to have performed with a spirit of zeal, activity, and justness of decision never surpassed, under circumstances equally intricate and arduous. He was also one of the military commission appointed by General Harris for the distribution of the prize treasure taken at Seringapatam. Those appointments serve to show the high consideration in which this young officer was held. But a far more important and delicate appointment now awaited him. It having been judged proper that Seringapatam and its fortress should become united to the British territory; immediately on its reduction, Colonel Wellesley was

appointed Governor of the city; a trust which, in that instant of time required a person of approved military talents and integrity, and the utmost vigilance and care.

It would far exceed our limits to point out here in detail the difficulties of such a task. Let it however be remembered, that Seringapatam had been the capitol of the most powerful and bitterest enemy the English interests ever encountered in India; that it contained a vast population, all inimical to the last degree to the persons and nation of the conquerors; in a state of entire misrule and insubordination, and ready to manifest their dislike to any measure proposed by their new masters by the most violent acts of contumacy and rebellion, wherever the opportunity presented itself. Notwithstanding however the magnitude of these obstacles, and great they must be allowed to be, Colonel Wellesley found the means not only to overcome them during the period of his command, but to a degree rarely known, conciliate the affections and attach to his person the whole of the inhabitants; no easy task, when it is considered that this population was a mixed one of Hindus and Mahometans, the natural enemies of each other.

To account for this in some measure, it must be stated, that the care of, and attention due to the family of the deceased Sultaun fell particularly within the line of his duty, as also their removal from the capital of their father and grandfather, to the residence appointed for them by the Governor-general. It was equally his province to raise from the humiliating condition in which the tyrannous policy of Hyder and Tippe had placed him, to one of dignity and empire, the infant descendant of the ancient Hindoo sovereigns of Mysore; functions "which could not be intrusted" (to use the words of the commission) "to any person more likely to combine every office of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occasion." In

effect his conduct upon these trying points was so well regulated, so strongly marked by forbearance and integrity, so temperate, and yet so firm and decisive, that he gained the universal suffrage of every party concerned, and at the period of the termination of those duties, was publicly thanked by the Governor-general in Council for their very meritorious discharge. It must also be mentioned, that whilst in this important command, he applied himself most particularly to the improvement of Seringapatam, as well in its external appearance as in its police, in both of which points he was eminently successful.

At the commencement of the year 1800, General Harris having quitted India for Europe, the command of the Madras army devolved upon Major-general Brathwaite; about which period it was judged expedient to order Colonel Wellesley upon an expedition against the freebooter Dhoondia Waugh, who was at this time in considerable force, and committed the most violent outrages upon the company's territory, and of whom it was necessary to make a severe example.

In the month of September, 1800, this gallant officer took the field; on the 5th he entered the Nizam's territories; and on the 9th, after a series of the most masterly movements, executed with almost unexampled vigour and rapidity, he intercepted Dhoondia's force, consisting of 5,000 cavalry, at Conahgull, on his march to the westward. This body was strongly posted, its rear and flank being covered by the rock and village of Conahgull; and at this moment the horse alone of Col. Wellesley's army were come up. With these however, he determined to attack the enemy, and at the head of the 19th and 25th dragoons, and 1st and 2d regiments of native cavalry, extended into one line, in order to prevent his being outflanked, he commenced the battle. The enemy at first showed much firmness; but

such was the determination and rapidity of the discharge, that he soon gave way, and was pursued for several miles by the conquerors: Dhoondia, with vast numbers of his followers were killed, and the whole body was so broken up and dispersed, as never again to cause any disturbance.

For this great and essential service Colonel Wellesley received the thanks of General Brathwaite and of the Governor-general in council, for the indefatigable activity which he displayed in all his operations—his judicious arrangements for the supply of his army, and the masterly disposition which terminated in the defeat and discomfiture of the enemy. In effect, this short but brilliant and decisive campaign raised the character of Colonel Wellesley in India to a degree, in the estimation of military men, which even his subsequent great actions in that country have not heightened.

At this time the first revolutionary war, which preceded the short-lived peace of Amiens, raged in every quarter of the globe. Having established an apparently profound tranquility throughout India, the great and comprehensive mind of the Governor-general, now Marquis Wellesley, meditated an expedition to Batavia, to be commanded by General Baird, who had distinguished himself by leading the assault at Seringapatam. In the event of the success of this enterprize, a part of the force was to have been detached for the purpose of attacking the Mauritius and the Isle of Bourbon. Colonel Wellesley was destined to this important duty. Accordingly in the month of December, 1800, that officer was recalled from his command in the Mysore, and quitted his government of Seringapatam, followed by the good wishes and prayers of the native inhabitants, and the sincerest testimonies of friendship and respect from the troops so long under his command.

From some strange misconception

of the powers of the Governor-general, the necessary co-operation of Admiral Rainier then commanding in chief in the Indian seas, could not be obtained to this great and desirable object; and it accordingly fell to the ground, very much to the detriment and injury of the British interests in India.

This circumstance enabled the Governor-general to avail himself once more of the services of Colonel Wellesley in the Mysore; and he was accordingly remanded to the command of the forces in that country, and to his government of Seringapatam; to which capital he returned in May, 1801.

In the interval between this period and the Marhatta war in which the subject of this memoir took such a distinguished part he attained the rank of Major-general in his majesty's forces.

It would be as foreign to the plan of this part of our publication, as it would far exceed our limits, to enter into a detailed account of the causes and origin of the hostilities commenced by the British government of India against the Marhatta chieftains, Bhoosla and Seindeah, in November, 1802, and which terminated so gloriously for England in the following year. To dwell upon the profound policy, the unabating energy, and the unchecked prosperity which marked this contest from the beginning, would be to enter upon the eulogium of the Marquis Wellesley—a subject far beyond our feeble pen, and to be handed down to posterity by far other abilities than those we presume to address. Suffice it for the present, that when the intrigues of these chieftains, their predatory spirit, and the usurpation of the Peishwah's authority by one of them, had rendered it indispensably necessary to the existence of the British power in India that they should be checked in their career, Lord Clive, then at the head of the Madras government, assembled an army of 19,000 men, under Lieutenant-general Stuart, on

the north-western frontier; whence it became necessary to detach a very considerable force into the Marhatta territories, in order to rescue Poonah the capitol of the Peishwah, our ally, as well as the person of that prince himself, from the rapacious grasp of Scindeah and Holkar, who were contending which should possess himself of both.

This force, consisting of about 12,000 men, was placed under the command of Major-general Wellesley who had also under him Colonel Stevenson, at the head of the Nazam's subsidiary force of nearly 9,000 troops, strengthened by 6,000 of that prince's disciplined infantry, and that about 9,000 of his cavalry: making in the whole, an army of nearly 35,000 men, with a proportionate train of artillery.

Having, by the judicious position of the force under Colonel Stevenson, secured his communication with the latter, and supplies of provisions for his own army, General Wellesley deemed it essential to advance to Poonah the whole of the force destined to rescue the Peishwah from the tyrannous usurpation of the Marhatta chieftain Holkar, who was not only in possession of his person, but of his capital and dominions. On the night of the 19th of April, therefore, having undoubted information that Holkar's general was determined to plunder and burn Poonah on the approach of the British troops he pushed forward over a rugged country, through a dangerous and difficult pass, and in thirty-two hours reached the capital of the Peishwah, at the head of his cavalry, after a forced march of sixty miles! The unexampled celerity of this movement saved Poonah from the dreadful fate by which it was menaced; and in a few days he had the satisfaction of restoring this city to its lawful sovereign, amidst the rejoicings of the inhabitants, who, as well as the Peishwah, manifested the greatest gratitude to the British general, for their unexpected and almost unhopd-for deliverance.

The result of this brilliant achievement was of the utmost consequence to the British interests in India, at a very critical juncture. Independently of its defeating a project of almost unparalleled barbarity, it enabled General Wellesley, in thus restoring the chief of the Marhatta confederation to his just rank and dignity in those states, to take the full benefit of the treaty of Bassein, concluded between the Peishwah and the British government the December preceding, and rendered that prince a most useful ally in the approaching war with Scindeah and the Berar rajah.

Having succeeded in completely restoring tranquility in the dominions of the Peishwah, and placed the revenues and troops of that prince upon the best footing, in contemplation of the approaching campaign, rendered more than probable by the hostile confederation of Bhoosla and Scindeah, immediately under the influence of French intrigue and interference, General Wellesley marched from Poonah on the 4th of June, with the main body of his army, and, on the 14th, took up his ground at Walker, a strong post belonging to Scindeah, within a short distance of the city, and almost impregnable fortress of Amednagur, belonging also to that chieftain, and eighty miles distant from Poonah: a position chosen with the greatest judgment, as it placed the British army in the best situation for commencing hostilities, should the pending negociations be broken off between the British government and the Marhatta confederates.

In this advanced point of the Decan, it became necessary for the governor-general, on the ground of avoiding unnecessary delay in the important discussions to which we have above adverted, to vest General Wellesley with full powers to carry them on, and settle on the spot, every requisite arrangement either for peace or war, as circumstances should determine. This important commission was accordingly bestowed on General Wellesley, whose subsequent conduct during a diplomatic

contest conducted on the part of the Marhatta princes with all the wiles and subtlety of the east, fully justified the confidence reposed in his characteristic sagacity, judgment, spirit, and decision.

It would far exceed our proposed limits to detail the various evasive, futile, and insincere measures which marked the conduct of the confederated Marhatta chieftains, and which at length compelled the British government to resort to the sword; and it is equally impossible for us to enter into the masterly manner in which the Governor-general planned a campaign, in which he brought into the field 54,918 men, so distributed as to carry on at one and the same moment the most vigorous operations against the enemy in almost every quarter of the peninsula of India, and by which he terminated a war of a few months' duration with the attainment of every proposed object, without sustaining in that period the slightest check or reverse of fortune! Suffice it to mention, that while the army of Bengal was destined to act under the personal command of General Lake in the north-western provinces of Hindostan, that of Madras was placed under the orders of Major-general Wellesley, for the purpose of opposing the combined army of the enemy, under the personal command of Scindeah, to the southward.

On the 8th of August, General Wellesley took the field, and marched with about 9,000 troops, in the proportion of 7,000, Sepoys to 2,000 Europeans, against Amednagur; and on the same day that city was taken, surrounded as it was by a high and strong wall, by a spirited effort, it being carried by escalade and storm, with but small loss. On the 10th, the batteries were opened before the fortress of the same name, and, on the 12th, it surrendered at discretion: a conquest, the first fruits of General Wellesley's activity, which immediately gave the possession of districts to the annual amount of 72,000*l.* sterling. On the 24th of August,

the British force crossed the Godavery river, and, on the 29th reached Aurungabad. From this point, by a masterly and rapid movement along the left bank of Godavery to the eastward, General Wellesley completely prevented Scindeah from crossing that river, and attacking, as he had intended, our ally, the Nizam, in his very capital; and, at the same time, covered two valuable convoys of treasure and gain, which were on the way for the supply of his forces.

Scindeah, thus baffled, assembled the whole of the army under his immediate command at a strong position on the north bank of the river Kaitreach, near the Adjuttee Pass, to the amount of 38,500 cavalry, 10,500 regular infantry, 500 matchlocks, 500 rocket men, and 190 pieces of ordnance, determined it should seem to try the fate of a battle with the British army, which the vast superiority of his force, and the strength of his position, gave him the strongest and fairest probability of hazarding with advantage. In addition to the troops we have particularized, Scindeah stationed a few thousand well trained Marhatta cavalry in the Adjuttee hills.

On the 21st of September, Colonel Stevenson, who commanded the subsidiary force, and who acted in concert with, and under the orders of General Wellesley, formed a junction with that officer. It was then determined that they should again separate, and advance towards the enemy in distinct divisions, and by different routes, as the best means of compelling him to a general action, were he found disposed to continue the defensive system he had hitherto adopted. General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson accordingly marched towards the enemy's encampment, the former taking the eastern, the latter a western direction; their point of junction, and the time, having been previously arranged.

On the ever memorable 23d of September, General Wellesley arrived

at Naulnair, where he received information that the combined Marhatta army was within six miles of the ground he intended to occupy; but that some symptoms appeared of his intention to break up his encampment, and retreat on the approach of the British troops. In the apprehension of losing an opportunity which might not again occur of striking a decisive blow, General Wellesley instantly determined, although his army had marched fourteen miles that morning, to attack him without waiting for Colonel Stevenson's division. This bold resolve was at once the result of the greatest intrepidity and the profoundest judgment. Had the British general awaited the junction, the enemy, informed of their approach, would have ample time to have withdrawn his guns and infantry during the night, and thus have easily avoided a general engagement; a circumstance which must not only have protracted the campaign, but have probably been greatly detrimental to the future progress of the British arms in that quarter: whereas, by the bold measure which General Wellesley adopted, of attacking him without delay, the smallness of the British force would probably tempt Scindeah to engage, where he had the greatest prospect of defeating.

In pursuance of this resolution, which could alone have been undertaken by the most resolute and dauntless mind, General Wellesley, having refreshed his men, moved forward, and came in sight of the enemy, (after a march in the whole of twenty miles, the last six of which under the heats of a vertical sun), posted as we have already described, their right being upon the village of Bokerdun, and their left on that of Assye: which latter place, in giving its name to the battle, has been immortalized.

General Wellesley's approach was in front of the enemy's right; but finding that the infantry and guns were posted on the left, he resolved there to make his attack. Accord-

ingly, he made the necessary movements for that purpose, covering his infantry, as they moved round, with the British cavalry in the rear, and by that of the Peishwah and Nizam on the right flank. Having forded the river Kaitna at a point beyond the enemy's left, General Wellesley formed his army in order of battle; drawing up his infantry in two lines; the British cavalry in a third, as a reserve; and the auxiliary native horse were posted on the left flank of the British army, in order to check the approach of a large body of that of the enemy, which had slowly followed its movement, from the right of their own position.

The force of the confederated chieftains we have already detailed; that of the British army did not exceed on this trying day 4,500 men, of whom 2,000 alone were Europeans! Superior skill, judgment, discipline, and intrepidity were, however, on the side of the latter, and more than counterbalanced the superiority of the enemy's numbers.

When General Wellesley evinced his intention of attacking their left, the enemy began a distant cannonade, but changed his position with great steadiness and excellent judgment, when he clearly saw the mode in which he was to be attacked. Extending the infantry and guns from the Kaitna to the village of Assye on the Juah river, at right angles thereto, he formed a second line, with its left upon Assye, and its rear to Juah, along the bank of which it was lengthened in a westerly direction. In this masterly position, the British attacked, and advanced under a tremendous fire of nearly 150 pieces of the enemy's ordnance, served with a precision and effect equal to that of any European. The English artillery had also opened in their turn upon the enemy, at an interval of about 100 yards; but it produced little effect on his vast line of infantry, and was rendered incapable of advancing, from the number of men and bullocks disabled by the galling discharges of

that of the enemy. Thus circumstanced, the English general resolved to abandon his guns, and try the event of a closer combat. Accordingly, leaving them in the rear, and putting himself at the head of his whole line, he advanced with an intrepidity and boldness which dismayed the enemy; the right of his line being covered in this spirited movement by the British cavalry, under the brave Colonel Maxwell. Notwithstanding the effect of their powerful artillery, the enemy was unequal to such a charge, and was quickly compelled to fall back upon his second line, posted, as we have already said, in front of the Juah. Here the 74th regiment, which covered the right of the British line, suffered so severely by the enemy's cannon, that a body of his cavalry was encouraged to charge. But the British horse, on the right, repulsing it, charged the enemy in turn with such resistless vigour, that several of their battalions were driven into the Juah with prodigious slaughter. The enemy's line thus broken, and awed by the steady movement of the British infantry, which still advanced with the most collected and unshaken courage, at length gave way in every direction, and the cavalry, led by Colonel Maxwell, crossing the Juah in pursuit, destroyed numbers of the enemy's now broken and dispersed infantry.

The smallness of the British force rendered it impossible for the general to secure all the advantages of his success in the heat of the action: so that some of the enemy's guns, which had been unavoidably left in the rear, were at this moment turned upon the British troops in advance, by several of the Marhatta artillery-men who had thrown themselves on the ground during the action, and were passed over unmolested by the English soldiers; a stratagem not unfrequently practised by the native troops of India. Encouraged by this circumstance, some of the enemy's regular battalions, who had retreated in rather better order, faced about, and thus a

second action, of a very furious nature while it lasted, commenced, which left the day for some little time doubtful. The personal gallantry and courage, however, of General Wellesley soon determined it; putting himself at the head of the 78th regiment and the 7th battalion of Sepoys, he attacked those parties of the enemy who had seized the guns, so briskly, as to compel them to surrender; though not without some further loss; and considerable personal danger to himself, having his horse shot under him; while the gallant Colonel Maxwell completed the route of the enemy, by charging with the 19th dragoons those battalions which had rallied, which he entirely broke and dispersed, although he unfortunately fell in the onset. The last attacks were decisive; the enemy fled in every direction, their dead amounting to 1,200 and the surrounding country strewn with their wounded. The fruits of this victory were 98 pieces of cannon, the whole camp equipage of the enemy, all their bullocks and camels, and a vast quantity of ammunition.

We have been thus particular in our detail of this memorable achievement, in which a British army of 4,500 men, not 2,000 of whom were Europeans, gained a complete and decisive victory over an enemy whose force was at least 10,000 regular infantry, formed, disciplined, and in part officered by Frenchmen, supported by the tremendous discharge of nearly 100 pieces of cannon, served with all the precision and much of the science of the French artillery; while bodies of the Marhatta cavalry, to the number of 40,000 men, hovered around, ready to cut in upon and annihilate this "handful of heroes," did the smallest mistake or the slightest appearance of unsteadiness or disorder occur during the engagement. In effect, whether the military skill and judgment of the leader, the bravery of the troops, the disproportion of numbers, or the brilliant result be considered, the victory of

Assye may rank with any one of those by which British valour in India has been every where distinguished, and has placed the name of Wellesley on the same roll of fame with those of the illustrious Clive and Coote in the annals of the British empire in India.

(To be continued.)

[FROM THE PORT FOLIO]

### AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL  
DANIEL MORGAN.

THIS distinguished officer was born in Newjersey, from whence he removed to Virginia in the year 1755. He was at that time so extremely indigent, that on his arrival at the latter place he was compelled to drive a waggon for his subsistence. Having by a rigid observance of economy acquired a little property, he purchased a waggon and team for himself, and continued to pursue his humble avocation until the time of Braddock's expedition, when he entered the service; but in what character is unknown.

During that campaign he received a wound in his face, the scar of which was ever afterwards visible. On a charge of contumacy to a British officer he was unjustly condemned, and received five hundred lashes. The officer himself was afterwards convinced of Morgan's innocence, and manifested such sincere contrition he obtained forgiveness. In our revolutionary war, many of the English officers fell into the hands of Morgan, who, forgetful of the former indignity he suffered, treated them with invariable clemency and compassion. The general would often, in a circle of familiar friends, jocularly relate the inauspicious circumstance attending his first campaign, and wind up his narrative by observing, that king George was indebted to him one lash; that the drummer miscounted one, and gave him only four hundred and ninety-nine, instead

of the full complement five hundred.

Between the age of twenty and thirty he was much addicted to gambling, and the bottle, and so fierce and furious were the various combats excited by such irregularities, that the town, the theatre of his actions, was denominated Battletown. Morgan, although often repulsed and defeated, was never subdued in these pugilistic encounters; he returned to the charge with unabated alacrity and courage, and in so doing gave those early evidences of that unconquerable spirit that he manifested afterwards in a more honourable cause.

Returning homewards after Braddock's defeat he resumed his old employment of driving the waggon, and was enabled by his industry and frugality to purchase a small spot of ground, where he erected an elegant mansion-house, and called the place Saratoga, in honour of the victory obtained by general Gates.

At the commencement of our revolutionary troubles, he was appointed to command a company of horse, raised for the defence of the country, amongst whom he reckoned names which were afterwards rendered illustrious. With this company he marched to join the American army at Boston, from whence he was afterwards detached by the commander in chief, under general Arnold, in his memorable expedition against Quebec. No officer here distinguished himself to more advantage than Morgan. Arnold was wounded and carried from the field, in an early part of the engagement, when Morgan took the lead. Aided by his gallant little band, he passed the first barrier, and rushing onwards, mounted the second. But this blaze of glory was short and ineffectual. The death of the lamented Montgomery, the blinding storm then raging around, the formidable obstacles of nature and art that intervened, the undivided force of the enemy, no longer diverted by the attention to the column commanded by the general, rendered all further exertions hope.

less, and they surrendered prisoners of war.

While Morgan was so confined, he was visited occasionally by a British officer, who, after speaking of his valour in the most flattering terms, endeavoured to detach him from his allegiance to his country, and offered him the rank and emolument of a colonel in the British service. Morgan replied, that he hoped he would never insult his misfortunes by so degrading a proposal again.

On the exchange of prisoners that shortly afterwards took place, Morgan joined the American standard again, and was, at the recommendation of the commander in chief, appointed to the command of a select rifle corps. Notwithstanding his services were not much needed, Washington was compelled, by the fall of Ticonderoga, and the impetuous advance of Burgoyne, although reluctantly, to deprive himself of Morgan's services, and to detach him to the assistance of General Gates. The splendid part he acted on that occasion, and how much his exertions contributed to the glorious triumph achieved afterwards, are circumstances generally known, notwithstanding which his name is not mentioned by general Gates in his despatches.

The cause of this neglect is thus accounted for. Immediately after the battle Morgan visited the general on business, who, taking him aside, informed him that the main body of the American army were extremely dissatisfied with the conduct of the commander in chief, and that several officers had threatened to resign, unless a change should take place. Morgan, perfectly comprehending the drift, sternly replied, that he had one favour to ask of the general, which was never to mention that detestable subject again, for that under no other commander in chief than Washington would he serve. From that moment all intimacy ceased; and a few days afterwards, a dinner was given by the general to the principal officers of the British army,

amongst whom some of ours were mixed, and Morgan was not invited. It so happened that, having some business to transact, he called on the general in the evening, at the dining-room, and was unannounced to the guests. When he withdrew, the British officers, distinguishing his rank by his uniform, enquired who he was. On being informed that his name was Morgan, they arose from their seats, followed him out of the General's presence, and made themselves individually known to him.—Thus was the slight of the General pointedly retorted upon himself.

After his return to the main army, he was constantly employed by the commander in chief, in the most hazardous enterprises, and by his zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance, essentially contributed to promote the service of his country. In 1780, he was compelled, by declining health, to absent himself from the service, and to retire to private life, where he continued until after the fall of Charleston.

When General Gates was called to the chief command in the south, he strongly solicited Morgan to accompany him. Morgan still retained something of his old grudge, and expressed his dissatisfaction; but on being appointed brigadier general by brevet, he agreed to accompany General Gates. He did not, however, arrive until after the disastrous battle of Camden.

The name of Tarleton was terrible in America. That officer was often detached by lord Cornwallis, to seize and destroy our military stores, to disperse bodies of militia training themselves for the field; and indeed, whatever military enterprize demanded promptitude, was usually committed to him. He transgressed the principles deemed sacred amongst military characters, and carried fire and sword farther than the occasion demanded. Indeed, to a rebel he thought the laws of liberal hostility were not to be extended; under which impression he acted, and his name became an object of general execration and hor-

ror. When he was made prisoner of war, at the capture of Cornwallis, he expressed his apprehension to an American officer, that his person and property were not safe, notwithstanding the articles of capitulation—with such detestation and abhorrence had he ever been regarded. It is almost needless to say that his apprehensions were idle.

The following account of the battle of Cowpens is given by an officer under General Greene:

“Morgan (pursued by Tarleton) having been accustomed to fight and to conquer, did not relish the eager and interrupting pursuit of his adversary; and sat down at the Cowpens to give rest and refreshment to his harrassed troops, with a resolution no longer to avoid action, should his enemy persist in pressing it. Being apprised at the dawn of day of Tarleton's advance, he instantly prepared for battle. This decision grew out of irritation of temper, which appears to have overruled the suggestions of his sound and discriminating judgment. The ground about the Cowpens is covered with open wood, admitting the operation of cavalry with facility, in which the enemy trebled Morgan. His flanks had no resting place, but were exposed to be readily turned; and the Broad river ran parallel to his rear, forbidding the hope of a safe retreat in the event of disaster. Had Morgan crossed this river and approached the mountain, he would have gained a position disadvantageous to cavalry, but convenient for riflemen; and would have secured a less dangerous retreat. But these cogent reasons, rendered more forcible by his inferiority in soldiership, and relying on the skill and courage of his troops, he adhered to his resolution. Erroneous as was the decision to fight in this position, when a better might have been easily gained, the disposition was masterly.

“Two light parties of militia, under major M'Dowel, of North Carolina, and major Cunningham, of Geor-

gia, were advanced in front, with orders to feel the enemy as he approached; and preserving a well-aimed fire as they fell back to the front line, to range with it and renew the conflict. The main body of the militia composed this line, with General Pickens at its head. At a suitable distance in the rear of the first line, a second was stationed, composed of the continental infantry and two companies of Virginia militia, under captains Triplett and Taite, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Howard. Washington's cavalry, reinforced with a company of mounted militia, armed with sabres, was held in reserve; convenient to support the infantry, and protect the horses of the rifle militia, which were tied, agreeably to usage, in the rear. On the verge of battle, Morgan availed himself of the short and awful interim to exhort his troops. First, addressing himself, with his characteristic pith, to the line of militia, he extolled the zeal and bravery so often displayed by them, when unsupported with the bayonet or sword; and declared his confidence that they could not fail in maintaining their reputation, when supported by chosen bodies of horse and foot, and conducted by himself. Nor did he forget to glance at his unvarying fortune, and superior experience; or to mention how often, with his corps of riflemen, he had brought British troops, equal to those before him, to submission. He described the deep regret he had already experienced in being obliged, from prudential considerations, to retire before an enemy always in his power; exhorted the line to be firm and steady; to fire with good aim; and, if they would pour in but two volleys at killing distance, he would take upon himself to procure victory. To the continentals he was very brief. He reminded them of the confidence he had always reposed in their skill and courage; assured them that victory was certain, if they acted well their part; and desired them not to be discouraged by the sudden retreat of the militia, *that* being part of his

plan and orders. Then taking post with this line, he waited in stern silence for the enemy.

"The British lieutenant colonel, urging forward, was at length gratified with the certainty of battle; and, being prone to presume on victory, he hurried the formation of his troops.—The light and legion infantry, with the seventh regiment, composed the line of battle; in the centre of which was posted the artillery, consisting of two grasshoppers; and a troop of dragoons was placed on each flank. The battalion of the 71st regiment, under Major M'Arthur, with the remainder of the cavalry, formed the reserve.—Tarleton placed himself with the line, having under him Major Newmarsh, who commanded the 7th regiment.—The disposition was not completed when he directed the line to advance, and the reserve to wait further orders. The American light parties quickly yielded, fell back, and arrayed with Pickens. The enemy shouting, rushed forward upon the front line, which retained its station, and poured in a close fire; but continuing to advance with the bayonet on our militia, they retired, and gained with haste the second line. Here, with a part of the troops, Pickens took post on Howard's right, and the rest fled to their horses, probably with orders to remove them to a further distance. Tarleton pushed forward, and was received by his adversary with unshaken firmness.—The contest became obstinate, and each party, animated by the example of its leader, nobly contended for victory. Our line maintained itself so firmly, as to oblige the enemy to order up his reserve. The advance of M'Arthur reanimated the British line, which again moved forward; and outstretching our front, endangered Howard's right. This officer instantly took measures to defend his flank, by directing his right company to change its front; but, mistaking this order, the company fell back; upon which the line began to retire, and General Morgan directed it to retreat to the cavalry. This manœuvre being per-

formed with precision, our flank became relieved, and the new position was assumed with promptitude.

Considering this retrograde movement the precursor of flight, the British line rushed on with impetuosity and disorder; but as it drew near, Howard faced about, and gave it a close and murderous fire. Stunned by this unexpected shock, the most advanced of the enemy recoiled in confusion. Howard seized the happy moment, and followed his advantage with the bayonet. This decisive step gave us the day. The reserve having been brought near the line, shared in the destruction of our fire, and presented no rallying point to the fugitives. A part of the enemy's cavalry, having gained our rear, fell on that portion of the militia who had retired on their horses. Washington struck at them with his dragoons, and drove them before him. Thus, by simultaneous efforts, the infantry and cavalry of the enemy were routed. Morgan pressed home his success, and the pursuit became vigorous and general. The British cavalry, having taken no part in the action, except the two troops attached to the line, were in force to cover the retreat. This, however, was not done. The zeal of lieutenant colonel Washington in pursuit having carried him far before his squadron, Tarleton turned upon him with the troop of the seventeenth regiment of dragoons, seconded by many of his officers. The American lieutenant colonel was first rescued from this critical contest by one of his serjeants, and afterwards by a fortunate shot from his bugler's pistol. This check concluded resistance on the part of the British officer, who drew off with the remains of his cavalry, collected his stragglers, and hastened to lord Cornwallis. The baggage guard, learning the issue of the battle, moved instantly towards the British army. A part of the horse, who had shamefully avoided action, and refused to charge when Tarleton wheeled on the impetuous Washington, reached the

camp of Cornwallis at Fisher's creek, about twenty-five miles from the Cowpens, in the evening. The remainder arrived with lieutenant colonel Tarleton on the morning following. In this decisive battle we lost about seventy men, of whom twelve only were killed. The British infantry, with the exception of the baggage guard, were nearly all killed or taken. One hundred, including ten officers, were killed; twenty-three officers and five hundred privates were taken. The artillery, eight hundred muskets, two standards, thirty-five baggage waggons, and one hundred dragoon horses, fell in our possession.

"The victory of the Cowpens was to the south what that of Bennington had been to the north. General Morgan, whose former services had placed him high in public estimation, was now deservedly ranked amongst the most illustrious defenders of his country. Starke fought an inferior, Morgan a superior foe. The former contended with a German corps; the latter with the elite of the southern army, composed of British troops. In military reputation, the conqueror at the Cowpens must stand before the hero of Bennington. Starke was nobly seconded by Colonel Warner, and his continental regiment; Morgan derived very great aid from Pickens and his militia, and was effectually supported by Howard and Washington. The weight of the battle fell on Howard, who sustained himself gloriously in trying circumstances, and seized with decision the critical moment to complete with the bayonet the advantage gained by his fire.

"Congress manifested their sense of this important victory by a resolve, approving the conduct of the principal officers, and commemorative of their distinguished exertions. To General Morgan they presented a golden medal, to Brigadier Pickens a sword, and to Lieutenant-Colonels Howard and Washington, a silver medal, and to Captain Triplett a sword."

We would merely observe, that in

our opinion, those honoured by their country by such testimonials of national gratitude, would do well to deposit them in the archives of some public institution. The testimonial is then preserved, not liable to casualty, or to fall into the hands of some ignorant administrator or executor, who is insensible of its value, and would willingly exchange it for an eagle. If the pride of family is consulted, it would thus receive a ten-fold gratification; the story of the illustrious action it commemorated be read by thousands, who would otherwise be ignorant of the fact. We would ask, what has now become of the medal granted to Morgan?

Greene was now appointed to the command of the south. After the battle of Cowpens, a controversy ensued between that General and Morgan, as to the route which the latter should observe in his retreat. He insisted on passing the mountains—a salutary precaution, if applied to himself, but which was at the same time fatal to the operations of Greene. He informed the General that if that route was denied him, he would not be responsible for the consequences. Neither shall you, replied the restorer of the south—I will assume them all on myself. Morgan continued in his command, until the two divisions of the army united at Guildford court-house, when neither persuasion, entreaty, nor excitement, could induce him to remain in the service any longer. He retired, and devoted himself exclusively to the improvement of his farm and his fortune.

He remained here, in the bosom of retirement at Frederick, until he was summoned by President Washington to repress by the force of the bayonet, the infatuated transmontane insurrection of Pennsylvania. The executive of Virginia then detached Morgan to take the field, at the head of the militia of that state. Upon the retreat of the main body, Morgan remained in the bosoms of the insurgents, until the ensuing spring, when he received orders from the president to with-

draw. For the first time in his life, he now appears to have entertained ideas of political distinction. Baffled in his first attempt, he succeeded in his second, and was elected a member of the house of representatives of the United States for the district of Frederiek. Having served out the constitutional term, he declined another election. His health being much impaired, and his constitution gradually sinking, he removed from Saratoga to the scene of his juvenile years, Berryville (Battletown), and from thence to Winchester, where he closed his long, laborious, and useful life.

In the hour of danger he was calm, collected, and intrepid—prompt to discover, and enterprising to turn to his advantage those moments to decide the fortunes of the day; terrible in battle—in victory gentle and humane; keenly alive to resent an indignity—frank and cordial in the forgiveness of injuries, with a magnanimity that brave souls only can feel.

The narrow and stinted opportunities of acquiring information his early life indulged him with, prevented the full and fair expansion of his genius. As a disciplinarian, he was never rigid; he governed by confidence rather than by command. Of habits inclinable to taciturnity, his opinion, though weighty, was sententiously expressed. In private life, he was mild, convivial, hospitable and sincere. He lived to see and to repent of the errors of his youth, and he died in the religion of his Redeemer. Although prodigal of life, when glory was the prize at stake, he could not behold death with the same composure when that strong and counteracting principle was withdrawn. In this point he differed from Washington, who, idolized as he was, has been often heard to declare, he would not consent to live over his existence again.

*Letters on France and England.*

#### LETTER II.

LET me now transport you at once to Paris, the goal which every stranger who arrives in France has in view;

and to which, no doubt, the wishes of every reader of this narrative would conduct him without delay. I shall not stop to expatiate upon the emotions which were naturally excited, in the mind of a person of my age and pursuits, by the first view of this great capital. You who recollect that my attention has been chiefly directed to French literature, since my first acquaintance with books, and who know with what rapture I have dwelt upon every thing connected with the institutions and manners of France, may readily conceive, that my hopes were buoyant, and my imagination almost overpowered. — An American who enters Paris for the first time, on the side of Bordeaux, is perplexed and confounded by a variety of opposite sensations: he is disgusted and disappointed at the narrow and dirty streets through which he is conducted, astonished at the multitudes who throng them, & who appear at every moment, to be exposed to inevitable death from the passing vehicles, which are driven with the utmost fury; and then again, if he penetrates into the better parts of the metropolis, he is filled with admiration at the magnificence by which he is surrounded.

In our cities of the United States, the comparative equality of condition which prevails among all classes, is in some degree, visible in their personal exterior, and upon the face of their dwellings. We see nothing that conveys to the mind the idea of extreme wretchedness, or of superlative grandeur; but in all the capitals of Europe, and particularly in Paris, you have before you, on the same canvass—"the highest pomp and the lowest fall" of human nature:—imperial magnificence and squalid misery linked by contiguity. There is another difference between our state of society, and that of the great towns of Europe, analogous to what I have just mentioned, which must strike all our countrymen on their first acquaintance with the latter—I mean, the variety of devices for indulging luxury, and promoting convenience, to which

the difficulty of finding even a scanty subsistence gives rise, and the eagerness, as well as humility, with which that subsistence is sought.

Although Paris, during my first residence in it—at the period of the war in Poland—could have contained at least three hundred thousand additional inhabitants, and was in a state of impoverishment and languor unexampled before the revolution, it still presented an aspect, widely different from that of the mouldering, ragged cities of the provinces. I saw it afterwards when it enjoyed the presence and fructifying influence of the court, and of a multitude of opulent strangers. The pageantry and prodigality of the imperial household—the splendour of the hotels—the tumult of business—the bustle of public amusements—the glories of science—the charms of literature, and the activity given to the mechanic arts of luxury—all these combined were sufficient to erase from the mind every recollection or thought of the misery prevailing without, and to blind the spectator, even to that which abounded within, and which, to an unclouded eye, is the most revolting of the two, as it is oftener the offspring and the companion of vice.

I feel now but little surprise when I find persons returning from the French metropolis, and vaunting the felicity of the French nation. This assemblage of brilliant seducements leads the imagination captive, and warps the judgment; while the engagements of pleasure, or the pursuits of liberal science leave no time or opportunity for enquiry into the general state of morals and comfort, or into the operation of the political system. When a stranger who has resided for some months in Paris, and has suffered himself to be thus dazzled and engrossed, afterwards traverses the provinces, he carries with him a mind still filled with the illusions of the capital, and to which every object appears to wear the same hue. Paris thrives, in some respects, from causes which impoverish, and oppress the rest of the empire. Its grandeur is

truly *devouring*, as it is nourished in a great degree by the wealth of the provinces, and gives nothing in return but articles of luxury, and the contagious doctrines of slavery and vice. These alone “go copious forth” and do their work most efficaciously. The few improvements made in the provinces are executed at their separate expense, while the embellishments of the metropolis are defrayed from the public treasury. The gratification of the national vanity is but a poor solace for the gripe of the tax-gatherer. Neither stranger nor native, however, if he be any thing of a voluptuary, can reside long in the capital without becoming enamoured of its delights, and being ready to exclaim with the French poet,

*C'est à Paris que l'on vit, on vegete ailleurs.*

I employed some expedition in getting thither, in order to be present at the *rejoicings* for the birth-day of the Emperor, and arrived on the eve of the festival of St. Napoleon, as it is now solemnly enrolled in the calendar. My expectations were wound up to the highest pitch, by a magnificent *programme* published in the *Moniteur*, in which the processions, public games, and religious ceremonies prescribed for the occasion, were pompously and minutely detailed. The fatigue of a long journey accomplished, for the most part over execrable roads, gave me a sound repose, and I awoke in the morning with my fancy engrossed by the *prospectus* of the *Moniteur*. I hastened at an early hour to the *Champs Elysees*, in order to contemplate the public games which were to be there celebrated, in honour of the festival, but—judge of my disappointment, when I found only a few idle loiterers on the spot, and two or three boys climbing up a tall, round column well lubricated with turpentine, and endeavouring to reach some insignificant bauble affixed to the top, which was to be the reward of their dexterity, if they succeeded in vanquishing the difficulties which the slippery sur-

face opposed to their ascent. Thence I proceeded to the *Pont des Artes*, in the expectation of deriving some better amusement from the rowing matches on the Seine, which were to form a part of the public solemnities, and which occupied some space in the *Moniteur*. Here again I was sadly mistaken; for, a more awkward, insignificant exhibition of the kind was never given; and to me it now appears particularly ridiculous, since I have witnessed that of the Thames, than which nothing can be more animating or picturesque.

Such was the morning's commemoration, with the exception only of a high mass performed at Notre Dame, and at which those who ministered about the altar, together with the public functionaries who attended *ex officio*, constituted the great majority of the spectators. The sports which I saw afterwards in England, at Saint Bartholomew's fair, in some of the most obscure booths, were of equal dignity, and yielded more entertainment than these solemnities of the Champs Elysees and of the Seine, so pompously announced as a part of the commemoration of the imperial nativity. The whole was an exceeding broad as well as languid caricature, and could only be equalled by the national races, which I witnessed subsequently in the *Champ de Mars*, and of which I propose to say something hereafter.

I was, however, amply compensated in the evening for the miscarriage of my first hopes. It was notified to the public, in the *Moniteur*, that a concert would be given in the gardens of the Thuilleries, and be followed by fireworks, at the close of the day. I repaired thither at the regular time, and was at once dazzled and ravished with a spectacle altogether without a parallel in magnificence and effect.—I found nearly the whole surface of the palace hung with small lamps—the garden of the Thuilleries, and the Elysian Fields also brilliantly illuminated—and, a population, of not much less than two hundred thousand per-

sons, assembled to gaze upon the scene. An orchestra for two hundred musicians, was erected against the front of the palace which faces the gardens, and before the concert commenced, the Emperor, clad in his imperial mantle, and conducting the then august Josephine on his left, made his appearance in a balcony above, and was followed by a number of 'the grand dignitaries' of the empire.—These, however, as well as their imperial majesties, shone only like so many twinkling stars, at the distance at which we were removed from them below. The music, as you may conjecture, although of the most obnoxious kind, was scarcely heard, and but little attended to, amid the bustle and noise of the crowd. The splendid fireworks which succeeded, were an object of much stronger attraction, and as they happened to be at the end of the garden on the *Pont de la Concorde*, drew the whole multitude in an instant from the contemplation of the monarch and his court. I was struck on this occasion with a circumstance, which I had often afterwards occasion to remark—I mean the boldness and success, with which the Parisian women make their way through a throng of whatever character or compactness.

I thought this a fair opportunity of judging of the temper of the populace with regard to their government. It appeared to me, that if there existed among the multitude, one spark of loyalty or enthusiasm, in favour of their emperor, it would be elicited by his presence under such circumstances. There was a majesty in the scene calculated to inflame any imagination. In giving credit to the representation of the Parisian gazettes on this subject, I was entitled to conclude, that the united voices of the inhabitants of "the good city of Paris" would have assailed the heavens in such a conjuncture—I should, however, have been woefully disappointed, for I heard but a few faint acclamations, and those, manifestly from the mouths of persons hired by the police for the

purpose. I read, nevertheless, in the *Moniteur* of the next day, that the air had resounded with cries of *vive l'empereur*.

Such was the uniform result of all my observation on this head during my residence in Paris. At the assemblages of the multitude which take place so frequently in the public gardens;—at the theatres, even when the great victories achieved in the north of Europe, were pompously announced from the stage, in the midst of artificial excitements the most powerfully stimulant, I never witnessed any indications of general enthusiasm, nor heard any general acclamation, but that which notoriously issued from the stipendiaries of the police. Under the operation of the fears excited by the military, there could be no marked expression of disgust; but there was, among the mass of the populace, an aspect of sullen indifference, and among the middling and more virtuous classes, demonstrations of sorrow and aversion but half disguised, from which the military ruler might draw a very sad augury, if he looked to the possibility of disasters in the field. I am credibly informed that the same symptoms are still manifest, even since the late marriage of the emperor, that notwithstanding the parade of addresses and epithalamiums, the majority of the inhabitants of Paris exhibit an increased apathy, and the mass of the nation an increased aversion for the individual.

There is certainly no study which opens a more curious, and in many respects, a more revolting picture of human nature, than that of the general character of the population of Paris. You may at once apply to them in the aggregate what Livy has said of the Syrians and Asiatic Greeks; "*levissima hominum genera et servituti nata*;" a light generation born for servitude. But this aptitude for slavery displays itself in a very different shape among the different classes of the community. The higher orders, the *savans*, and the *litterati*, prostrate

themselves before the imperial purple and set no bounds to the grossness and extravagance of their adulation. Many of them become, as it were intoxicated, by the very incense which they offer to their terrible divinity; the fumes while they produce no effect upon the idol, ascend into their own brain, and aided by the influence of a ductile imagination, betray them into an actual belief, of the monstrous hyperboles of praise, which are at first suggested only by the officiousness of fear and the forwardness of servility. They resemble at length the English translator of Ariosto,—Fairfax—of whom it is related, that the frequent perusal of his original so heated his fancy, as to produce in his mind, an implicit faith in the reality of all the supernatural adventures of the *Orlando Furioso*.

"Prevailing poet whose undoubting  
mind

"Believ'd the magic wonders which  
he sung"

The populace is very differently affected. Their nature requires a rod of iron, that they obey in sullen reluctance, and are far from being easily duped by the politic frauds, of the elaborate falsehoods of their government. It was known when I was in Paris, that the fishwomen of the *Halle* reproached each other in their market quarrels with lying "like the bulletins of the Emperor." I was particularly struck with the incredulity, which was displayed among all the lower orders, with respect to the official accounts of the victories of their armies. The mob are abject under the restraints of the military and the police; but they still *speak* from the impulses of feeling, and are as incapable of any spontaneous or active flattery, as they are of resistance to oppression. They only require now such leaders as presented themselves in the course of the revolution, or the same external incitements, to be made to officiate as instruments to a similar catastrophe of horrors and absurdities;—to revolve

round the same circle, and to reach precisely the same point. The inhabitants of the Faubourgs are just now what they were at the period of the demolition of the Bastile :

"A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd ;  
"Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,

"As the proud feeder bade ; inconstant, blind,

"Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes ;

"Loud and seditious when a chief inspir'd

"Their headlong fury ; but, of him depriv'd,

"Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand."

There are strange anomalies in the character of the lower orders of Paris. Although easily provoked or seduced into rebellious movements, and capable of the most sanguinary excesses in their paroxysms of sedition, they are, in a season of tranquillity, more mild, placable, and courteous, than any other populace in the world. Having before my mind the unparalleled atrocities committed during the revolution, I remarked, with no small surprise, the polished good nature, and the obliging, sociable, gregarious temper, which were visible, even among the mob. There is a sobriety in their habits, a mildness in their intercourse, and a moderation in the indulgence of their palate, strikingly contradistinguished from the rough, intractable manners, and the intemperate habits of the same classes in London. Yet the latter are, in their domestic quarrels, and in their seditious tumults, models of gentleness and humanity, when compared with the former, under the same circumstances. The wanton, prodigal effusion of human blood, and the abominations of refined cruelty, with regard to the human victim, are unknown in the history of the popular commotions of England. The indocility, the surliness, and even the brutality of the English mob, are balanced by an instinctive abhorrence for blood ; by a quick sense of wrong and injustice ; by a certain self-estimation, and by a manly generosity of spirit—qualities, in which the French populace are to-

tally deficient. No demagogue can ever hope to acquire power in England by an *ambulatory guillotine* ; by the use of grape-shot for the massacre of groupes of defenceless victims ; or, by *national marriages*, as the *Noyades* of the Loire were facetiously styled.

In the event of an insurrection in Paris, the populace would not now want leaders, of a character fully as desperate as those who headed them in the first paroxysms of the revolution. The metropolis is the rendez-vous of the vicious, the profligate and the idle, from every corner of the empire. It is a species of common sewer, into which almost half the moral putrefaction of France is regularly emptied. The proportion of inveterate gamblers, of sharpers, of men without regular occupation, and persons of ruined fortunes, is almost incredible, when compared with the whole mass of the population. They crowd the coffee-houses, the night cellars, the public walks, and the theatres, and are at all times ripe for any political change, or any sanguinary excesses. They are fully prepared to be, either the remorseless instruments, or the furious enemies of the present despotism. Having been accustomed in our own country, to the spectacle of universal and cheerful industry, I was affected in a manner which I cannot well describe, during the first weeks of my residence in the French metropolis, by the forlorn and haggard aspect of the multitude of resourceless and despondent wretches, whom I encountered every-where in my walks. I believe it impossible for any American, fresh from the bosom of our native morality, to pass through the *palais royal*, after forming some acquaintance with the focus of vice and misery, without experiencing strong emotions of horror and disgust. It is not unusual to see numbers of individuals, of a decent appearance, hanging over the sides of the bridges, and contemplating for hours in succession, the lapse of the Seine.

The indefatigable vigilance, and the inflexible rigours of the police, are, in

fact, essentially necessary to the preservation of public tranquillity, as far as they affect the description of individuals of whom I am now speaking. To save the whole community from becoming a prey to the wildest and most murderous anarchy, they must be bound down in adamant chains. It is the indispensable policy of the present government, not only to exercise a most rigorous system of coercion in their regard, but to provide both for them and the populace in general, an inexhaustible variety of public amusements.\* To render them patient under the lash of despotism, or indeed, under the restraints of any kind of government, all classes must have their senses and their imagination constantly amused. Those particularly, upon whom the military system entails domestic grievances of the heaviest nature, imperiously require the solace of shows and operas. In contemplating a very considerable proportion of the inhabitants of Paris, I was incessantly reminded of a passage in Thomson's address to Oppression:—

"Mark the desponding race,  
Of occupation void, as void of hope;  
Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal  
Good,  
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers  
With views of fortune—madness all to them;  
By thee relentless seiz'd their better joys,  
To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,  
Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,  
And love and music melt their souls away."

The spectacle of death and murder, which was for so many years present to the eye of the inhabitants of Paris, has rendered them, in some manner, insensible to those exhibitions of dis-

\* The attention paid to this subject, may be evidenced by the following decree recently issued in Paris:

"Considering that the greater part of the population of Paris has but the Sunday for the enjoyment of theatrical exhibitions, and that the hours at which they now begin and finish, interfere with the occupations which the inhabitants have to pursue on Monday; it is decreed, upon a report of the minister of police to that effect, that from the 1st of October, 1810, the performances in all the minor theatres shall, on the Sunday, commence at half after five in the evening, precisely."

eased or perishing mortality, from which we, in this country, recoil with dismay and disgust. There is, in the most populous part of the French metropolis, an establishment entitled *Oa Morgue*, destined for the reception and exposition of bodies drowned in the Seine, and caught in nets, which are placed in different parts of the river, for that purpose. The object of this exposition is, that the deceased may be recognized by their friends or relatives, and receive the rights of sepulture accordingly. The *Morgue* is open at all hours of the day, to passengers of every description, and often displays at a time, five or six horrible carcases, stretched without covering, on an inclined platform, and subjected to the promiscuous gaze of the mob. This spectacle is viewed with gaiety and insensibility, almost incredible to any other than an eye-witness of the fact. I have frequently, in my rambles in the vicinity of the charnel-house, seen women of a very decent appearance, passing in and out with a countenance of merriment and pleasantry. It fell to my lot to witness but one public execution while I was in Paris, and that was, the guillotining of a parricide. I remarked, on this occasion, a similar indifference on the part of the mob. There were but few spectators, and the workmen in the neighbourhood scarcely deigned to turn their eye upon the scene.

The massacres perpetrated in Paris during the revolution, are not the only causes which have produced this callous and ferocious temper, with regard to the common woes of humanity. The succession of bloody wars, which France has been unremittingly engaged in for the last eighteen years, has a natural tendency to harden the character of the whole mass of her population, and to blunt the sympathies of the heart. A judicious historian of antiquity, Thucydides, ascribes this effect to continued foreign hostilities, as well as to intestine commotions, and illustrates his doctrine by the change, which he states to have been wrought in the spirit and manners of the Athe-

mians, by the long Peleponnesian war. "In a season of peace and affluence," says this profound observer, "communities as well as individuals have their tempers under regulation; they are open to the influence, and attend more to the culture of the mild charities of life. But war, which snatches from them their daily subsistence, is the teacher of violence, and assimilates the passions of men to their present condition." If ever there was a nation exposed to this baneful influence, it is France, that has been for so many years familiarized to the work of carnage both within and without; that breathes but of war and of conquest, whose whole male population is alternately engaged in the field, and among whom the military are the privileged order and the universal masters.\*

But let us pass to a subject somewhat less solemn. The glimpse which I had obtained of the imperial court, in the garden of the Thuilleries was not, as you may imagine, quite sufficient to gratify my curiosity on this head. The first wish of a stranger in Paris is, to view the individual whose name is in every mouth, and whose image seems to be constantly present to every imagination. I sought with great eagerness, an opportunity of inspecting the features of Bonaparte at my leisure, and was soon fully gratified in this respect. One of my friends procured for me a ticket of admission, or rather, a formal invitation, to the private imperial theatre of the palace of St. Cloud, which was then the residence of the Court. The best actors and singers of the capital performed at this theatre twice a week, for the entertainment of their imperial majesties, who, themselves, selected the pieces for representation, and rarely failed to attend. I arrived at St. Cloud

\* May not France hereafter, verify the maxim of the poet?

"A conquering people, to themselves a prey  
Must ever fall; when their victorious troops,  
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find  
No land to sack and pillage but their own."

in good time, and procured a seat in the third row of boxes, which were appropriated to such of the spectators as had not been introduced at Court. The pit was crowded with generals, covered with gold lace, and with the grand dignitaries of the empire dressed in their richest costume. The ladies of the court, the foreign ambassadors, &c. occupied the first & second rows. I found myself placed immediately opposite to the arm-chair, in which the emperor took his seat, and as the theatre is exceeding small, quite near enough to examine him minutely. Before, and during the performance, we were served with ices and cooling drinks, by the imperial domestics.—The magnificence of the habits worn by the officers of the court, and the profusion of diamonds (I cannot say of beauty) displayed by the ladies, afforded at the same time, a rich feast for the eye.

The empress Josephine, Jerome Bonaparte, and the princess Murat, made their appearance at about 8 o'clock. The whole body of spectators rose at the entrance of each member of the imperial family. The emperor followed soon after, on his return from reviewing a body of troops, who were then encamped at the village of Meudon. He entered with a very brisk step, accompanied by three chamberlains—general officers—who remained standing behind his *fauteuil*, during the whole performance. He had in the next box on his right hand, the princess Murat and Jerome Bonaparte. The empress was placed in a box immediately opposite, on the other side of the theatre, with her principal maids of honour seated by her side, and two officers in waiting behind her chair: the entrance of the emperor was the signal for the raising of the curtain. To the performance, although excellent, I attended but little; my mind being completely absorbed in the contemplation of the extraordinary personage, whose life has been a tissue of such wonderful adventures, and of such atrocious crimes. His first occupation was to survey

the whole assemblage about him very attentively, with an opera glass that he received from the hand of one of the generals behind. He returned it without looking back, and received his snuff-box from another, of the contents of which he made as liberal a use, as the great Frederick himself could have done, in the same period of time. He returned the snuff-box as he had dismissed the opera glass, over his shoulder, and without turning his head. He appeared attentive to the first part of the representation, which was a little comedy of *Picard*, and occasionally nodded approbation to the princess Murat, as the actor or the author chanced to excel. During the after piece, which was an *opera-seriu*, he seemed buried in thought, and retired at the termination of it, as briskly as he had entered.

The person of Bonaparte has been so often described, that I need not enter into particulars on this point. He was quite corpulent at this period, and is now, as I am informed, still more robust: he wore on this occasion, a plain uniform coat, with the imperial insignia, and the cross of the legion of honour: his hair was without powder, and cropped short. I saw him in various situations afterwards, and received uniformly the same impressions from his countenance: it is full of meaning, but does not altogether indicate the true character of his soul. His eye is solemn and gloomy, and exceedingly penetrating; but it has less of savage fierceness and of fire, than one would expect. The whole physical head, however, is not unsuitable to the station or nature of the individual.

"His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,  
"His high-designing thoughts are figured  
"there."

His limbs are well proportioned, and remarkably strong and muscular: his personal activity is indefatigable, and his personal courage has never been questioned. I have seen him several times on horseback, almost always in full gallop. He displays no grace in his position, but is universally ad-

mitted, to be one of the most adventurous, as well as skilful riders in his dominions.

There is no man, as I am well informed, more patient of fatigue, or more willing to encounter it in every situation. His habits, as to diet, are not at all abstemious, and yet by no means those of an epicure. He eats voraciously, and with the greatest celerity, of whatever is placed before him; drinks largely of coffee at all hours of the day, and takes an immense quantity of snuff. I had understood before I arrived in Paris, that he appeared but seldom in public, and then with multiplied precautions for the security of his person. This however, is certainly an incorrect statement. He exposes himself without any appearance of apprehension, and in situations, in which his life might be at once assailed by a thousand hands. Any spectator of the theatrical exhibition, of which I have just spoken, might have destroyed him without difficulty. I have seen him in an open carriage, in the midst of a population of fifty thousand souls, in the park of St. Cloud.

I was prompted by a very natural curiosity to make many enquiries concerning the domestic temper and habits of "the Cæsar of Cæsars," as Bonaparte is now denominated in the journals of Paris. My sources of information were among the best, and the following is the summary of the copious details, which were given to me on this subject. From his earliest youth, his disposition was haughty, vindictive, overweening and ambitious. This character he displayed at the siege of Toulon, where he first distinguished himself in such a manner, as to induce his commander in chief, Dugommier, to make this remark, in speaking of him to one of the commissioners of the convention: "Let that young man engage your attention; if you do not promote him, I can answer for it, that he will know how to promote himself." When he was appointed, at the early age of twenty-five, to the command of the

army of Italy, he betrayed no emotion either of surprise or of diffidence, at so sudden and dangerous an elevation, and answered those, who indulged in some remarks concerning his youth, in this way:—"At the expiration of six months, I shall either be an old general, or a dead man."

*To be continued.*

### AMERICAN GALLANTRY.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF JOHN CHAMPE.

THIS man was a native of Virginia, and during our revolutionary war, a serjeant-major in a legion of cavalry. After the detection of Arnold's treason, and the capture of Major Andre, the commander in chief received frequent intelligence that many American officers, and one brigadier-general, high in confidence, were implicated in the guilt of that conspiracy. He consulted with Major Lee on the subject, submitted to his inspection, the papers detailing this alarming intelligence, and desired his opinion on the subject. Major Lee endeavoured to calm his apprehensions, and represented this, as an artifice which the British general had adopted, to weaken the confidence of the commander in chief in his subordinate officers, and to sow the seeds of discord in the American camp. Washington observed, that the same thought had occurred to him; but as these remarks applied with equal force to Arnold before his desertion, he was determined on probing this matter to the bottom. He proceeded to say, that what he had then to communicate was a subject of high delicacy, and entire confidence. He wished major Lee to recommend some bold and enterprising individual from the legion he commanded, who should proceed on that very night to the enemy's camp, in the character of a deserter. He was to make himself known to one of Washington's confidential agents in Newyork; obtain, through their means the most authentic evidence of the innocence or guilt of the American officers suspected, and transmit the re-

sult to major Lee. Another part of his project was to seize the traitor and to bring him alive to the American camp: but the orders were positive not to put him to death, and to suffer him to escape, if he could not be taken by any other means. His public punishment was all that Washington desired. He flattered himself that by Arnold's arrest he would be enabled to unravel this conspiracy, and *save the life of the unfortunate Andre*. When major Lee sounded Champe on his business, the heroic serjeant replied that if any means could be devised by which he could testify his devotion to his country, and his attachment to his commander in chief compatible with honour, he would cheerfully endure any personal risk: but his soul abhorred the thoughts of desertion. Major Lee with much difficulty succeeded in convincing him, that no other way could he render so important a service to his country, and he was at last prevailed upon to undertake this hazardous service. After being furnished with his instructions, which he hastily took down in a character, or rather cipher of his own, (for he was not permitted to carry written orders,) his difficulty was to pass the American lines. The major was unable to promise him any protection, as this would seem to countenance the plot, and to favour the desertion of others, and the enemy might moreover, obtain intelligence by that means, discover and defeat his object, and he himself suffer the ignominious death of a spy. The serjeant at length departed, and about half an hour afterwards, the colonel was informed that one of the patrols had fallen in with a dragoon, who being challenged put spurs to his horse, and escaped. Lee made light of the intelligence, and scouted the idea that a dragoon belonging to his legion should desert. It was probably, he said, a countryman, who was alarmed at the challenge, and might easily in the night time be mistaken for one of his men. Orders were at length giv-

en, to examine the squadron. This command was promptly obeyed, and produced a confirmation of the first intelligence, with the further tidings that this individual was no other than the serjeant major; as neither himself, his baggage, or his horse were to be found. Lee now made lighter than ever of the report; enlarged on the former services of the serjeant, and his known and tried fidelity. He said that he had probably followed the pernicious example set by his superior officers, who in defiance of their orders, peremptory as they were, occasionally quitted the camp, and were never suspected of desertion. All these pretexts having been exhausted, written orders were at length issued in the usual form, "Pursue as far as you can serjeant Champe, suspected of desertion; bring him alive that he may suffer in the presence of the army; but kill him if he resists, or escapes after been taken." Before the pursuing party set out, major Lee directed the commanding officer to be changed, which allowed a little more time to the fugitive. Pursuit was at length made, and continued with such eagerness, that Champ escaped at the distance only of three, or four hundred yards. Two British galleys were lying below Powles' hook; Champe called to them for protection, and leaving his horse and baggage, plunged into the river sword in hand. One of the galleys despatched a boat to his assistance, and fired on his pursuers, by which means Champe gained the shore without injury.

Washington was highly pleased with the result of this adventure. The eagerness of the pursuit he thought would be decisive evidence to the British commander, that this was a real, and not a feigned desertion. Champe was immediately brought before sir Henry Clinton, and questioned by him on a variety of subjects, and amongst the rest, *if any American officers were suspected of desertion, and who those officers were.* The serjeant was forewarned on this point, and gave such answers as

would more effectually mislead. After this examination he was consigned to the care of general Arnold, and by him retained in his former rank. Washington hoped and believed, that the trial of Andre would occupy much time, and enable Champe to accomplish his designs. That gallant officer disdaining all subterfuge, completely foiled this hope, by broadly confessing the nature of his connexion with Arnold. The commander in chief offered to exchange Andre for Arnold, a proposal sir Henry Clinton, for obvious motives, declined. Had this gallant officer protracted his trial and the plot proved successful, the life of Andre would have been saved, not by the intrigues of sir Henry Clinton, but of *Washington* in his favour. The honest and precipitate intrepidity of the British officer, defeated this benevolent project, and no alternative remained but a speedy death. The serjeant, unfortunate as he was in this, was more successful in obtaining evidence the most full and satisfactory, that the suspicions resting on several American officers were foul calumnies, and a forgery of the enemy. He now determined on making one bold attempt for the seizure of Arnold. Having been allowed, at all times, free access to Arnold, marked all his habits and movements, he awaited only a favourable opportunity for the execution of his project. He had ascertained that Arnold usually retired to rest about twelve, and that previous to this, he spent some time in a private garden, adjoining his quarters. He was there to have been seized, bound, and gagged, and under the pretext that he was a soldier in a state of intoxication, to have been conveyed through bye paths, and unsuspected places, to a boat lying in readiness, in the river Hudson. Champe engaged two confederates, and major Lee, who co-operated in the plain, received timely intelligence of the night fixed on for its execution. At the appointed time, that officer, attended by a small party well mounted, laid in wait on the other side of

the Hudson with two spare horses, one for Champe, and the other for Arnold. The return of daylight announced the discomfiture of the plan, and Lee and his party retired to the camp with melancholy forebodings, that the life of the gallant serjeant had been sacrificed to his zeal in the service of his country. Consoling however was the intelligence shortly after received from the confederates, that on the night preceding the one fixed on for Arnold's arrest, that officer had shifted his quarters. It appeared that he was employed to superintend the embarkation of certain troops, composed chiefly of American deserters, and it was apprehended, that unless they were removed from their barracks, which were adjacent to the shore, many might seize that opportunity to escape. This attempt was never afterwards renewed. On the junction of Arnold with lord Cornwallis, in Virginia, the serjeant found means to elude the vigilance of the British lines, and to reach in safety the army of general Greene. Having been furnished by that officer with the means of escaping to Washington's camp, he arrived there to the astonishment and joy of his old confederates in arms.

When Washington assumed the command of the army under president Adams, he caused strict inquiry to be made for the man who had so honourably distinguished himself, intending to honour such tried fidelity with military promotion, and heard, to his great sorrow, that he died but a short time before, in the state of Kentucky. These facts are taken and condensed from the interesting manuscript of major general Lee.

Ann Seward, in her monody on the death of major Andre, thus speaks of the character of Washington :

Oh Washington ! I thought thee great and good,  
Nor knew thy Nero thirst for guiltless blood :  
Severe to use the power that fortune gave,  
Thou cool determined murderer of the brave.  
Remorseless Washington ! the day shall come  
Of deep repentance for this barbarous doom :

When injured Andre's mem'ry shall inspire,  
A kindling army with resistless fire -  
Each faulchion sharpen that the Britons  
wield,

And lead their fiercest lion to the field.  
Then, when each hope of thine shall end in  
night

When dubious dread, and unavailing flight,  
Impel your haste, thy guilt upbraided soul  
Shall wish untouch'd, the precious life you  
stole :

And when thy heart appall'd and vanquish'd  
pride,

Shall vainly ask the mercy they denied ;  
With horror shalt thou meet the fate thou  
gave

Nor pity gild the darkness of thy grave.

Thus does poetic petulance dispense its invectives. We will now ask, who accelerated the death of Andre ? Who made the extension of mercy toward him an act of mistaken mercy and of criminal indulgence ? Unquestionably Sir Henry Clinton ! Unquestionably the man who was propagating these false alarms of treason in the American camp. He rendered this severe measure for common security perfectly indispensable, as the commander in chief could not at that time know, but what those who shared his confidence the most, were the most deeply implicated in Arnold's machinations. Was he to relieve the victim, and thus sanction to his surrounding officers the treason of Arnold, by his own signature, or to mitigate the severity of his fate, and teach them by this example, to hope for mercy if detected ? It is not meant to criminate Sir Henry Clinton. Such artifices are justifiable in war. That he did, however, by the promulgation of such reports, render the death of Andre inevitable, it is conceived impossible to doubt. — The solicitude of Washington to save the life of this unfortunate man was such, that he hazarded one of the bravest of his own soldiers in the camp of the enemy, for that purpose ; and nothing but a concurrence of unpropitious circumstances, that could not have been foreseen by mortal eye, or guarded against, if they could have been, prevented its accomplishment. It is a singular fact, that while the British commander was hastening the

death of Andre, Washington was exerting himself to ward off that calamity.

FOR THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

NUMBER II.

ROSSEAU, and before his time Locke, maintained, that Education commences with *the birth* of a child; and those who maintain that it begins before that period; that is, with *the life*, do not hold an untenable position. If Education be nothing more than a series of impressions and modifications, made on the sensitive or perceptive organs, why can we doubt, that a child is capable of receiving those in its embryo state? It is certain, that violent passions during a state of pregnancy, are apt to disturb the economy of that seat of being; and it is equally reasonable to suppose, that the germs which survive these agitations of nature, are impressed with an unhappy taint of the infection.

Let us view this matter in a moral light only, and we shall equally arrive at a clear understanding of that which I would establish, by exemplifying the subject with the following contrast:—We will suppose two mothers in a state of pregnancy; the one lives in a regular, temperate, and healthy manner, in the quiet, sequestered vale of domestic life: the other, a life quite the contrary....the spirits of the one are never ruffled by cross accidents, disappointments, and untractableness of children and servants; because, she preserves complete order and subordination in the regulation of her house:—The other, is worried and vexed ten times a-day, by a different procedure....the former stays at home, where no injurious temptations dwell; the latter roams abroad in the agitated scenes of busy life, and by frequent collisions of petty interests and passions, passes not unhurt in the conflict....She goes farther, perhaps:—She sits up late; plays, bets, wins,

loses....She is frequently, no doubt, subject to all the poignancy of feeling which such employments necessarily produce....she is chilled with fear, agitated by hope, or envenomed by malice, and the “milk of human kindness” turned into gall—Is it credible to suppose, that the passive embryo germ of her body, does not receive the passion or suffering of such actions? Undoubtedly it does: or, that the offspring of this woman, will come into the world as well prepared for receiving virtuous impressions (at least, for not counteracting them) as that of the other, which has received no irregular impression? These things admit of no dispute—they are self-evident. If this position is established, it will go greatly to the undoing of that generally received opinion of Locke, where he says, “that we come into the world, prepared like a sheet of *blank paper*, on which may be written either virtue or vice.”—I have not the least doubt, of the powerful operation of moral causes, on the human mind; but the physical, will have their operation first: and, it is not until the former become systematized and formidable, that they can be enabled to subdue the force of the latter. But this, by the by.

We will now take up the subject, where the former essay terminated; and consider farther the grand utility of well regulated boarding schools, for the proper direction of a beneficial system of education.

In the first place, every parent must be aware, how impossible it is for him or her, to give that attention and consideration, which are necessary to produce a just effect on the minds and morals of their children. Few have time...fewer still, have inclination for such an intricate and laborious task; and as few are qualified by reading, observation and reflection, for such an important office. Besides, that unaccountable partiality, which parents often have, for some favourite child, in preference to the others, naturally has a tendency to produce discontent, and an aversion to improve-

ment in the others, whose ever-watchful and penetrating eyes discern the smallest bias of favour or affection towards his brother or sister of the same blood....Nor is the partiality so unnatural, as one at first sight would be led to suppose. Some children are more sprightly than others; more open and communicative; give more early indications of *genius*, and of course, insinuate more into the affections of the parent, than their less-favoured brethren—I do not here suppose, that beauty of person, can have any influence over a reasonable parent—But the skilful and neutral instructor, who acts upon a plan of impartial justice, and from the hopes of future good, knows from experience, that those seeming indications of genius and intelligence in early youth, are frequently nothing more than the effect of premature ripeness of intellect; and that in the winding up of his system of Education, they have often disappointed his expectations, as to *the end*; and, that those other boys, who were considered by the parents, as dull and unpromising, have turned out to be solid scholars, possessed of useful learning, and well prepared to act in society, as beneficial and profitable members.

For nearly the same reasons, a *day-school* does not answer the purpose here intended; that of the complete advantage of a well directed system of physical and moral Education:—Because, the same causes will continue to operate, though in a more remote degree, as before taken notice of; and that, between what the parent wishes the teacher *to do*, and what he *actually does*; as he must, if he proposes to do any good at all, conform strictly to the established rules of his calling, without being individually swayed—there will continue to be an everlasting counteraction; and the moral precepts which the pupil imbibed during the day, from his lessons, and the explanation of his preceptor, will, generally, be effaced out of doors, by mixing with improper associates; or hearing the

same truths laughed at in his family, which his poor master, with so much gravity impressed upon him in school.

But some will say, that at day-schools, where there is a *select number* of pupils admitted, the inconveniences of improper associates, and other grievances, which so much retard the progress of moral instruction, will be, in a great measure, obviated, as the manners to which they are obliged to conform at home, in each of their families, will be more uniform; and the deeper interest which the heads of each of these families have, in seeing their children act a respectable part in life, will necessarily incline them to look for a person who is fully qualified to assist them in so important a work. Granted....But human nature is the same in the upper walks of life, that it is in the lower: only with the exceptions, sometimes, of higher notions of honour and ambition; but not generally, as they regard moral excellence, and the art of making mankind *good*, as well as *great*. In a political view, uninstructed human nature is not to be entrusted with the education of her own children; because they all belong, on that principle, to the STATE.—In some of the ancient Republics, the children were all educated at the expense of the Government, and received just such an education as was suited to the preservation of their government....Hence that extraordinary patriotism, and love of home; which no temptation of riches or bribery could corrupt or eradicate....Hence that conviction of happiness which they felt, by comparing their situation, real or imaginary, with that of their less united neighbours....It would, perhaps, be no small addition to the happiness of a MODERN REPUBLIC; *the only free country on earth*, to countenance individual endeavours, towards forming a plan of NATIONAL EDUCATION....But to return to my subject of *boarding-school* education.

The first, and indeed, the sole consideration ought to be, as mentioned in the former essay, the proper choice

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of a person qualified for this task.— Without this point is properly managed, no change need be expected for the better.....Boarding-schools have been in use for time immemorial; and taking them on the aggregate, they have, perhaps, done as much harm as good to society. The establishment purposed to be considered in this scheme, would resemble that described by *M. Salraman*, of Germany; a short outline of the moral part of which, he gives in his treatise on gymnastics.

We will suppose the building to be situated in any healthy spot whatever, or wherever your fancy chooses: let it only be near woods and good water; a garden, too, it must indispensably have...large, and capable of producing good vegetables, and plentiful fruits. To this, we will add a few acres of pasture land, for a few milch cows, and for horses; for, the students must have plenty of milk, and they must sometimes be permitted to ride, and even acquire a considerable degree of dexterity and grace in the dignified art of horsemanship....This equestrian exercise, however, will be rather considered as a treat for the performance of some mental effort, than as a relaxation.

The number composing this seminary should not exceed sixty....Two able, active, and highly qualified instructors, should constantly preside at the seminary, and superintend the students in all their exercises, whether of an intellectual, or corporeal nature. The principal ought to be a gentleman, in the strictest, and most comprehensive meaning of the term; and above all, A SCHOLAR....acquainted with more languages than one, and soundly versed in the useful sciences. But it is of equal importance, that he should be thoroughly acquainted with the history of human nature, of nations, of morals, of religion, of philosophy....in short, he ought to be a philosopher.

Two hours should be devoted every morning before breakfast, to the more abstruse parts of learning; for, that

is the time when the nerves and faculties are all braced up to their firmest and finest tension.—Two hours of healthful relaxation should succeed this...one before eating, and another after. Gymnastic exercises, such as are pointed out in *Salraman's* treatise, should likewise be instituted, for the improvement of their muscular growth and firmness....These should be superintended with the same care as their moral or scientific lessons—to see that fairness takes place in all their pastimes—and that no one attempts to perform what may be supposed to be, above his strength and power of performing....When properly fatigued with these exercises, they should return to the school—resume their mental exercises, and study with the greatest diligence, and in the most methodical and orderly manner, for two other hours....then intermit, and take an excursion along with the tutors in the fields...botanize and naturalize, on the plants and animals around them; and when tired with looking down on the things of the earth, or on the trees, or winged tribe in the air, the tutor should raise their attention to that grand luminary of light and heat—"the eye and soul of this great world"—*the Sun*: and endeavour to give them an idea of his power and influence. ...of his amazing distance and magnitude....of his centrifugal force and power of attraction...of the number of worlds to which he dispenses the blessings of light and heat....of the movement of their bodies around their principal, as a common centre....and the laws by which they are actuated, supported, and regulated. Then, by a natural transition, and gradation, raise their thoughts up to the prime source of all things—the grand artificer of these astonishing worlds—the first GREAT CAUSE, the DEITY himself—the MAKER of the *Heavens* and the *Earth*.

A work-shop, likewise, should be furnished them, with a sufficient number of tools, to make globes and other apparatus, for the more speedy and practical method, of making them

comprehend the movement of the bodies, which constitute the solar system. Implements of agriculture, they may likewise be allowed to make, and other pieces of mechanism, which their own fancies may suggest. Thus, would they practically be able, both in body and in mind, to perform the duties of life....and, such a student could never, while he possessed health, be left destitute, or of being unable to support himself in any part of the world, either by the ingenuity of his head or hands.

[From the American Review.]

#### THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

No poetical works, not excepting even those of Cowper and Burns, have been more widely circulated or read with more avidity in this country, than those of Walter Scott, who is now as a poet, on the highest pinnacle of fame and popularity. The "Lady of the Last Minstrel" belongs to every private library, and is familiar to the memory, of almost every man among us, who has the most inconsiderable pretensions to literature. In the course of a very few months, we shall be enabled to extend the same remark to "the Lady of the Lake" the *chief d'œuvre* of the Scottish bard, and the most admirable and enchanting of all the productions of the Scottish muse. It is stated in the English Review that thirty thousand copies of "the Lay" had been sold at home, and that the demand for "the Lady of the Lake" was still more considerable. We cannot speak with absolute precision, as to the currency of these two poems in the United States, but we are certainly within bounds, when we venture to affirm, that at least five thousand copies of the first have been printed and sold among us, and already about four thousand of the last. A principal bookseller of this city disposed of a thousand copies of "the Lady of the Lake" in the course of a few weeks, of an edition printed by himself, and which would have done

honour to any English press. This statement should be sufficient, we think, to soften the strong prejudices, which the illustrious poet of whom we are speaking, entertains against republicans, and republican institutions of every description. He may learn from it, that although we could not relish monarchy in any shape at home we can still relish good poetry and know how to estimate the genius and are ready to do full justice to the admirable powers, of a *monarchical* poet.

We have often been asked in the country of Mr. Scott, whether the people of the United States were generally acquainted with the poetry of Burns and Beattie. The answer which we have given, and which we still give to this query, is calculated to startle the credulity of those, who see in us a mere tilling and shopkeeping race. We are quite satisfied that, proportionably to the difference in the population of the two countries, the works of the two poets we have just cited, and even of Mr. Scott, are here more widely circulated, more generally read, and perhaps, better understood than in England, taken separately from Scotland. The dialect of the latter is more familiar and more grateful to us, than to the inhabitants of her sister kingdom. We look with more reverence upon the literary and scientific character of Scotland, and are always prepared to receive with admiration, the intellectual offspring of her capital, which we consider as the metropolis of genius and learning. The diffusion of English literature throughout the United States, can be credible only to those, who have opportunities of personal observation.—The sterling poets of England, such as Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, and Cowper, are read and admired here, by that class of society which, in Europe, scarcely aspires to the rudiments of letters. The great English historians are to be found in our huts and farm houses, and editions of them are multiplied without number. Almost every work of merit, on subjects

of general literature, now produced in England, is received here, within the space of two or three months, and reprinted without delay. Nor do we wait for the opinion of English critics before we read and admire.

The gross ignorance which prevails, even among the studious classes of our parent state, with regard to our progress in letters, and the constitution of our society, can be traced to very obvious and sufficient causes; but we must confess, that we are somewhat at a loss, to account for the ostentatious, and sometimes, malevolent contempt, with which we are named by the writers and politicians, whose genius we so much admire, and whose productions we peruse with so much delight. There is not only much of ingratitude and injustice in this proceeding, but it is in the highest degree, illiberal and ungenerous. Gibbon remarks, that "he always reflected with pleasure, that whatever might be the changes in the political situation of the North American colonies, they would always preserve the manners of Europe, and that the English language would probably be diffused over an immense and populous continent." An Englishman should always hold this language—should never look upon this country without feelings of exultation, and of the most partial indulgence.—No disposition would appear to be more natural and just, particularly in the mind of an English writer, to whom it should be a most delightful, as well as conciliatory anticipation, that he is to have, in another hemisphere, a vast body of readers, capable, by the circumstance of their possessing the same language, and from their universal acquaintance with letters, of appreciating all his excellencies, both of thought and diction, and disposed to cherish and propagate his fame with the most eager fondness. Every English poet, historian, or philosopher should, when engaged in business of composition, look to this country for some portion of his reward, whether his aim be to convey instruction, or to merit ap-

plause. We already know "how to observe with discrimination and to admire "with knowledge," and the time, perhaps, is not far distant when this may begin to exercise a formidable censorship over the productions of the British press. Under every point of view, the United States are so circumstanced, as to deserve and to expect the kindest sympathies, and the most liberal toleration from the British nation. We often call to mind a beautiful passage on this head, contained in a speech of the celebrated Dean of St. Asaph written after his elevation to the bench of bishops, in the course of the American war, and intended to have been delivered in the house of lords.

"My lords," said this eloquent prelate, I look upon North America to be the only great nursery of freemen left upon the face of the earth. We have seen the liberties of Poland swept away in one year, by treachery and usurpation. The free states of Germany are but so many dying sparks going out one after another, and which must all be soon extinguished under the destructive greatness of their neighbours. Holland is little more than a great trading company, with luxurious manners and an exhausted revenue; with little strength and with less spirit. Switzerland alone is free and happy within the narrow enclosures of her rocks and valleys. As for the state of this country, my lords, I can only refer myself to your own private thoughts: I am inclined to think and hope the best of public liberty. Were I to describe her, according to my own ideas at this moment. I should say that she has a sickly countenance, but I trust she has a strong constitution.

"But, whatever may be our future fate, the greatest glory that attends this country, a greater than any nation under heaven ever enjoyed or even contemplated, is to have formed and nursed up to such a state of security and happiness, those communities which we are now so eager to

oppress and even to extinguish. We ought to cherish them as the immortal monuments of our public justice and wisdom; as the heirs of our better days; of our old arts and manners, and of our expiring national virtues. For what work of art, or power, or public utility, ever equalled the glory of having peopled a vast continent without guilt or bloodshed? To have given them the best arts of life and government, and to have suffered them, under the shelter of our authority, to acquire in peace the skill to use them? In comparison of this, the policy of governing by influence, and even the pride of war and victory, are dishonest tricks, and poor contemptible pageantry."

Let us however, abandon this topic, to say something of "The Lady of the Lake." It is now in the hands of all our readers, and we shall not therefore indulge them with any extracts; but merely state our general impressions with regard to this admirable poem. We read it, to use a French phrase, *tout d'une haleine*—in one breath, and throughout, with sentiments of unmingled delight, and unvarying approbation. We pronounced it without hesitation, to be the masterpiece of its author, and after having again dwelt upon every line, and examined anew the 'Lay' and 'Marmion,' we continue to adhere to our first opinion. The story of "The Lady of the Lake," is infinitely more captivating, and at the same time much more regular, than that of the other poems of Mr. Scott: the versification is more full, rich and harmonious: the blemishes of every kind, much fewer and less important: and the dramatic effect is incomparably fine. As a picture, in some respects, of Highland manners, and as a delineation of the chivalrous character, it unites all the excellence of a faithful history, with the charms of an ingenious romance. If, to impart pleasure be the chief end of poetry, Mr. Scott has succeeded, as fully as any favourite of Apollo, that ever lived.—We know of no poem in any language,

with the exception of the Orlando Furioso, to which, in many points, it bears a resemblance, that is better fitted than "The Lady of the Lake" to enthrall the fancy, and to monopolize the attention of the reader. Ellen, Douglass, Roderick Dhu, and Fitz James, take complete possession of the mind. The reader follows them through the train of their adventures, with the same steady interest that is felt in the perusal of the Arabian Tales, while the liveliest sympathies of the heart are kept in unremitting activity, and the imagination constantly recreated with graphic delineations of the most singular clearness, and of the most picturesque beauty.—Mr. Scott copies, both from the internal language, and the exterior imagery of nature, with astonishing fidelity and success. He may confidently say with Dante,

Io mi son un che quando  
Natura spira, noto, ed a quel modo,  
Che detta d'intro, vo significando.

In "The Lady of the Lake," he has made a most valuable gift to the literary world....Pliny styles the epic poem, the most precious fruit of the human mind:—"pretiosissimum humani animi opus." The work of Mr. Scott, has not, it is true, the dignity or majesty of the Epopee, but it has many of its most attractive features, and if it cannot be well denominated the most precious, it is, at least, one of the most enchanting productions of the intellect. In the construction of the poem, there appears to us but one prominent defect, and that is, the little relief which is given to the character of Malcolm Græme, the favoured lover of the heroine. In the middle cantos he is forgotten altogether, and is scarcely wished for, or expected, at the denouement of the plot. This blemish strikes every reader, and has been remarked by all the critics. It is so palpable as to excite some surprize, that it escaped the notice of the poet.

"The Lady of the Lake" has been reviewed in nearly all the literary

journals of Great Britain. We have read most of their criticisms, and have found none that has given us much satisfaction, but that of the Edinburgh Review. In their examination of this poem, the Scottish censors have manifested that superiority over all their competitors, which they never fail to display, whenever their unrivalled powers of analysis and expression are called forth, by a theme of great interest or importance. Although the political opponents, and, in some respects, the literary rivals, of Mr. Scott, they have done justice to his merits, and have with perfect impartiality, and with the most admirable force and originality of thought, pointed out not only the distinguishing excellence of this poem, but the characteristic features of the author's genius. We earnestly recommend the whole of this critique to our readers, and shall subjoin a few extracts from it, which may serve to express, in language much stronger than any we ourselves could employ, the opinions which we entertain, with regard both to the particular work under consideration, and to the general merits of Mr. Scott's poetry.

"Of this poem....*The Lady of the Lake*....we are," say the Reviewers, "inclined to think more highly, than of either of Mr. Scott's publications. We are more sure, however, that it has fewer faults, and that it has greater beauties; and as its beauties bear a strong resemblance to those with which the public has already been made familiar in those celebrated works, we should not be surprised if its popularity were less splendid and remarkable. For our own parts, however, we are of opinion, that it will be oftener read hereafter, than either of them; and that, if it had appeared first in the series, their reception would have been less favourable than that which it has experienced. It is more polished in its diction, and more regular in its versification; the story is conducted with infinitely more skill and address; there is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender pas-

sages, with much less antiquarian detail; and, upon the whole, a larger variety of characters, more artfully and judiciously contrasted. There is nothing so fine, perhaps, as the battle in *Marmion*—or so picturesque as some of the sketches in "*The Lay*;" but there is a richness and a spirit in the whole piece, which does not pervade either of these poems,—a profusion of incident and a shifting brilliancy of colouring, that reminds us of the witchery of Ariosto, and a constant elasticity, and occasional energy, which seem to belong more peculiarly to the author now before us."

The following is their view of the general merit of the poet.

"Confident in the force and originality of his own genius. Mr. Scott has not been afraid to avail himself of common places both of diction and sentiment, whenever they appeared to be beautiful or impressive—using them however, at all times, with the skill and spirit of an inventor: and quite certain that he could not be mistaken for a plagiarist or imitator, he has made free use of that great treasury of characters, images and expressions which had been accumulated by the most celebrated of his predecessors.... at the same time that the rapidity of his transitions, the novelty of his combinations, and the spirit and variety of his own thoughts and inventions, show plainly that he was a borrower from any thing but poverty, and took only what he could have given if he had been born in any generation. The great secret of his popularity, and the leading characteristic of his poetry, appear to us to consist evidently in this, that he has made more use of common topics, images and expressions, than any original poet of later times; and at the same time displayed more genius and originality than any recent author who has worked in the same materials. By the latter peculiarity, he has entitled himself to the admiration of every description of readers—by the former he is recommended in an espe-

cial manner to the inexperienced, at the hazard of some little offence to the more cultivated and fastidious.

“ In the choice of his subjects, for example, he does not attempt to interest merely by fine observation or pathetic sentiment, but takes the assistance of a story and enlists the reader’s curiosity among his motives for attention. Then his characters are selected from the most common *dramatis personæ* of poetry :—kings, warriors, knights, outlaws, nuns, minstrels, secluded damsels, wizards and true lovers. He never ventures to carry us into the cottage of the peasant, like Crabbe or Cowper ; nor into the bosom of domestic privacy, like Campbell ; nor among creatures of imagination, like Southey or Darwin. Such personages, we readily admit, are not in themselves so interesting or striking as those to whom Mr. Scott has devoted himself ; but they are far less familiar in poetry—and are therefore, more likely perhaps, to engage the attention of those to whom poetry is familiar. In the management of the passions, again, Mr. Scott appears to us to have pursued the same popular, and comparatively easy course. He has raised all the most familiar and poetical emotions, by the most obvious aggravations, and in the most compendious and judicious way. He has dazzled the reader with the splendor, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various affections ; but he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm, or melted him into tenderness. Writing for the world at large, he has wisely abstained from attempting to raise any passion to a height to which worldly people could not be transported ; and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentleman should often feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to breathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which disdains the ordinary business and amusements of life, or that quiet, and deep sensibility, which, too frequently, unfits for all its pursuits.—

With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious, that Mr. Scott has not aimed at writing either in a pure or a very consistent style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood ; and for this purpose, to have culled the most glittering and conspicuous expressions of the most popular authors, and to have interwoven them in splendid confusion with his own nervous diction and irregular versification. Indifferent whether he coins or borrows, and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he goes forward, in full reliance on a never-failing abundance ; and dazzles, with his richness and variety, even those who are most apt to be offended with his glare and irregularity. There is nothing in Mr. Scott, of the severe and majestic style of Milton—or, of the terse and fine composition of Pope ; or of the elaborate elegance and melody of Campbell—or, even of the flowing and redundant diction of Southey. But there is a medley of bright images and glowing words, set carelessly and loosely together—a diction, tinged successively with the careless richness of Shakspeare, the harshness and antique simplicity of the old romances, the homeliness of vulgar ballads and anecdotes, and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry—passing from the borders of the ludicrous, to those of the sublime—alternately minute and energetic—sometimes artificial, and frequently negligent—but always full of spirit and vivacity—abounding in images, that are striking, at first sight, to minds of every contexture—and never expressing a sentiment which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to comprehend.

“ Such seem to be the leading qualities that have contributed to Mr. Scott’s popularity ; and as some of them are obviously of a kind to diminish his merit in the eyes of more fastidious judges, it is but fair to complete this view of his peculiarities by a hasty notice of such of them as en-

title him to unqualified admiration—and here it is impossible not to be struck with that vivifying spirit of strength and animation which pervades all the inequalities of his composition, and keeps constantly on the mind of the reader the impression of great power, spirit and intrepidity. There is nothing cold, creeping or feeble, in all Mr. Scott's poetry—no laborious littleness, or puling classical affectation. He has his failures, indeed, like other people; but he always attempts vigorously; and never fails in his immediate object, without accomplishing something far beyond the reach of an ordinary writer.—Even when he wanders from the paths of pure taste, he leaves behind him the footsteps of a powerful genius—and moulds the most humble of his materials into a form worthy of a nobler substance. Allied to this inherent vigour and animation, and in a great degree derived from it, is that air of felicity and freedom which adds so peculiar a grace to Mr. Scott's compositions. There is certainly no living poet whose works seem to come from him with so much ease, or who so seldom appears to labour, even in the most burdensome parts of his performance. He seems, indeed never to think, either of himself or his reader, but to be completely identified and lost in the personages with whom he is occupied; and the attention of the reader is consequently either transferred, unbroken to their adventures, or, if it glance back for a moment to the author, it is only to think how much more might be done, by putting forth that strength at full, which has, without effort, accomplished so many wonders. It is owing partly to these qualities, and partly to the great variety of his style, that Mr. Scott is much less frequently tedious than any other bulky poet with whom we are acquainted. His store of images is so copious, that he never dwells upon one long enough to produce weariness in the reader—and, even where he deals in borrowed or in tawdry wares

the rapidity of his transitions, and the transient glance with which he is satisfied as to each, leave the critic no time to be offended, and hurry him forward along with the multitude enchanted with the brilliancy of the exhibition. Thus the very frequency of his deviations from pure taste, comes, in some sort to constitute their apology; and the profusion and variety of his faults to afford a new proof of his genius.

“These, we think, are the general characteristics of Mr. Scott's poetry. Among his minor peculiarities, we might notice his singular talents for description, and especially for the description of scenes abounding in *motion* or *action* of any kind. In this department, indeed, we conceive him to be almost without a rival, either among modern or ancient poets; and the character and process of his descriptions are as extraordinary as their effect is astonishing. He places before the eyes of his readers a more distinct and complete picture, perhaps than any other artist ever presented by mere words; and yet he does not enumerate all the visible parts of the subject with any degree of minuteness, nor confine himself, by any means, to what is visible. The singular merit of his delineations on the contrary, consists in this, that with a few bold and abrupt strokes, he finishes a most spirited outline,—and then instantly kindles it by the sudden light and colour of some moral affection. There are none of his fine descriptions, accordingly, which do not derive a great part of their clearness and picturesque effect, as well as their interest, from the quantity of character and moral expression which is thus blended with their details, and which, so far from interrupting the conception of the external object, very powerfully stimulate the fancy of the reader to complete it—and give a grace and a spirit to the whole of the representations, of which we do not at present know where to look for any other example.”

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SKETCH OF CHARLES THE XII, OF  
SWEDEN.

THERE is, perhaps, no object which so particularly engages our attention, as the history of any great or extraordinary man. The relation of his actions interests every feeling of our hearts; it excites our admiration of his virtues and our emulation to imitate them, as well as our pity for his weaknesses. We sympathize with him, in his misfortunes; and, when he experiences the smiles of prosperity, we rejoice with him.

The life of no monarch recorded in the page of history, is more interesting, than that of CHARLES the twelfth, King of Sweden. In his character we do not view that of a *great man*; but certainly, as the most *extraordinary* one that ever existed, he stands pre-eminently conspicuous in the catalogue of renowned heroes. It has even been considered as a remarkable circumstance, that the infancy of this prince never discovered any thing that might have led his subjects to cherish the most distant hope of his future greatness. The only trait that particularly distinguished the character of his youth, was his inflexible obstinacy. As this always prevented him from receiving advice, so he was never known to have suffered his mind to be drawn off from any thing that he had once resolved to effect. Indeed, so unfavorable an impression did the early years of this monarch's life leave on the minds of his people, that they could not be convinced he possessed any talents; they viewed him rather as a person of but very indifferent capacity.

With pain, they behold him given up to the most effeminate passions, regarding pleasure and amusements as the only occupations worthy his intention: In fine, unwilling to receive advice or persuasion, the monarch from whom they had every thing to expect, afforded them only a continued cause of chagrin and disappointment.

The death of his father placed him, however, at the early age of fifteen, on a throne; equally respected at

home and abroad—absolute and undisturbed master of a vast empire—surrounded by able ministers and loyal subjects. But, like the early part of his youth, the commencement of his reign only confirmed their former opinion of him. In all their views, with regard to the domestic affairs of his dominions, he disappointed their wishes; and the unhappy Swedes, knowing his determined *obstinacy* & excessive *indolence*, had not the faintest gleam of hope remaining; but had only to dread the consequences of both.

Yet, fortunately for the Swedish monarch, as well as his people, an occasion offered of displaying his hitherto-concealed talents.—Alarmed by the threatenings and machinations of three united and powerful princes, he was suddenly awakened from the lethargy into which he had long since fallen. This event furnished Charles with an opportunity of aggrandizing his character;—it called forth all the powers and energies of his mind, which, till now, had lain dormant; and, like the hidden fire of the flint, only required an exciting cause, to bring them into action.

The preparations of these powers for immediate war, however alarming to his ministers and subjects, Charles regarded with a seeming indifference; and undauntedly avowed their final destruction.

The almost *instantaneous* reformation of their young prince, was a circumstance which the Swedes beheld with a mixture of joy and astonishment. A renunciation of all the follies and vices of his youth, as well as his firm determination to abstain from every thing unmanly, could not but gain him the universal applause of his people. His assiduous care for the preservation of his domestic administration, before he emerged into the troubles of a foreign war—they regarded as a favorable omen. Neither the season of the year, nor the greatest inclemencies of the weather, prevented him from the prosecution of his designs. In the depth of winter, with a small but resolute army

—all equally ambitious of fame, with their leader, and ready to undertake any enterprize that would acquire it—he appeared at the town of Narva. This was the scene of action of that memorable battle, in which, with the disproportionate numbers of four to forty thousand, Charles entirely defeated his enemy. The successful issue of this engagement did not, however, gratify his ambition; it only prompted him to the projection of nobler dangers: From his firm & resolute determination of dethroning the king of Poland, he never would desist; till, finally, after many contests in which his usual good fortune attended him, he completed his grand design.

At length, in the pride of his greatness, whilst he was engaged in the conquest of Norway, at the Little town of *Frederickshall* which he was besieging—having gone out in person, to reconnoitre the trenches—surrounded by a continued volley from the cannon of the ramparts, fell the valiant Charles.

This extraordinary man—inured, from his infancy, to the severest hardships of a military life; capable of enduring the most excessive labors; and, in the execution of any grand design, which his bold and enterprising soul had aspired to—always shewed to his soldiers, by his example, what *perseverance* could effect. His natural inflexibility of temper, which very early discovered itself, continued with him through life; and he never desisted from an undertaking, until he had completed it: His unbounded liberality, degenerating into profusion, ruined his countrymen;—and his courage, which always bordered upon excess, was the cause of his premature death. Although possessed of those exalted virtues, which would have gained any other prince everlasting honor; yet the great excess to which he always carried them, eventually proved the cause of great misfortunes to his country.

EDWIN.

*Princeton-College, Dec. 13th, 1803.*

## THE LADIES TOILETTE.

### ADELIZA AND LEANDER.

ADELIZA, possessed of beauty, fortune, rank, and every elegant accomplishment that genius and education could bestow, was withal so insupportably capricious, that she seemed born to be the torment of every heart which suffered itself to be attracted by her charms. Though her coquetry was notorious to a proverb, such were her allurements, that very few upon whom she thought fit to practise them, had ever found resolution to resist their power.

Of all the victims of her vanity, Leander seemed to be that over whom she threw her chains with the greatest air of triumph: he was indeed a conquest to boast of; for he had long and obstinately defended his heart, and, for a time, made as many reprisals upon the tender passions of her sex, as she raised contributions upon his. Her better star at length prevailed: she beheld Leander at her feet; and though her victory was accomplished at the expense of more tender glances than she had ever bestowed upon the whole sex collectively, yet it was a victory which only piqued Adeliza to render his slavery the more intolerable, for the trouble it had cost her to reduce him to it.

After she had trifled with him, and tortured him in every way that her ingenious malice could devise, and made such public display of her tyranny, as subjected him to the ridicule and contempt of all the men who had envied his success, and every woman who resented his neglect, Adeliza avowedly dismissed him as an object which could no longer furnish sport to her cruelty, and turned to other pursuits with a kind of indifference as to the choice of them which seemed to have no other guide but mere caprice.

Leander was not wanting to himself in the efforts he now made to free himself from her chains; but it was in vain: the hand of beauty had

wrapped them two closely about his heart, and love had rivetted them too securely for reason, pride, or even the strongest struggles of resentment to throw them off: he continued to love, to hate, to execrate, and adore her.

His first resolution was to exile himself from her sight: this was a measure of absolute necessity; for he was not yet recovered enough to abide the chance of meeting her, and he had neither spirits nor inclination to start a fresh attachment by way of experiment upon her jealousy. Fortune, however, befriended him in the very moment of despair; for no sooner was he out of her sight, than the coquettish Adeliza found something wanting which had been so familiar to her; and Leander, though despised when possessed, when lost, was regretted.

In vain she culled her numerous admirers for some one to replace him; continually peevish and discontented, Adeliza became so intolerable to her lovers that there seemed to be a spirit conjuring up amongst them, which threatened her with a general desertion.

What was to be done? Her danger was alarming: it was imminent: she determined to recal Leander. She informed herself of his haunts, and threw herself in the way of a rencounter; but he avoided her: chance brought them to an interview; and she began by rallying him for his apostacy. There was an anxiety under all this affected pleasantry, that she could not thoroughly conceal, and he did not fail to discover. He instantly determined upon the very wisest measure, which deliberation could have formed: he put himself apparently so much at his ease, and counterfeited his part so well, as effectually to deceive her. She had now a new task upon her hands, and the hardest, as well as the most hazardous, she had ever undertaken: she attempted to throw him off his guard by pretended pity for his past sufferings, and a promise of kinder

usage for the future. He denied that he had suffered any thing, and assured her that he never failed to be amused by her humours, which were perfectly agreeable to him at all times. "Then it is plain," replied she, "that you never thought of me as a wife—for such humours must be insupportable to a husband." "Pardon, me," cried Leander, "if ever I should be betrayed into the idle act of marriage I must be in one of these very humors myself. Defend me from the dull uniformity of domestic life! What can be so insipid as the same strain of nuptial harmony everlastingly repeated? Whatever other varieties I may then debar myself of, let me at least find a variety of whim in the woman I am to be fettered to." "Upon my word," exclaimed Adeliza, "you would almost persuade me we were destined for each other." This she accompanied with one of those looks, in which she was most expert, which was calculated at once to inspire and betray the sensibility which she possessed. Leander, not yet as certain of his observations as to confide in them, seemed to receive this overture as a railery, and affecting a laugh, replied, "I do not think it is in the power of destiny herself to determine either of us; for if you was for one moment in the humour to promise yourself to me, I am certain in the next moment you would retract it; and if I was fool enough to believe, I should well deserve to be punished for my credulity. Hymen will never yoke us to each other, nor to any body else; but if you are in the mind to make a very harmless experiment of the little faith I put in all such promises, here is my hand; 'tis fit the proposal should spring from my quarter, and not yours; close with it as soon as you please, & laugh at me as much as you please, if I vent one murmur when I break the bargain." "Well then," said Adeliza, to punish you for the sauciness of your provoking challenge, and to convince you that I do not credit you here is my hand, and with it my promise; and now I give you warning,

that if ever I do keep it, it will only be by flying from it." "Fairly declared," cried Leander, "and since my word is past, I will stand to it; but take notice, if I was not perfectly secure of being jilted, I should think myself in a fair way to be the most egregious dupe in nature."

In this strain of mutual raillery they proceeded to settle the most serious business of their lives; and whilst neither would venture upon a confession of their passion, each seemed to rely on the other for a discovery of it.

They now broke up their confidence in the gayest spirits imaginable; and Leander upon parting offered to make a bet of half his fortune with Adeliza that she did not stand to her engagement, at the same time naming a certain day as the period of its taking place. "And what shall I gain," said she, "in that case by half your fortune, when I shall have a joint share in possession of the whole?" "Talk not of fortune," cried Leander, giving a loose to the rapture which he could no longer restrain, "my heart, my happiness, my life itself is yours." So saying, he caught her in his arms, pressed her eagerly in his embrace, and hastily departed.

No sooner was he out of her sight than he began to expostulate with himself upon his indiscretion: in the ecstasy of one unguarded moment he blasted all his schemes, and by exposing his weakness armed her with fresh engines to torment him. In these reflections he passed the remainder of the night; in vain he strove to find some justification for his folly; he could not form his mind to believe that the tender looks that she had bestowed upon him were any other than an experiment upon his heart to throw him from his guard and re-establish her tyranny.

With these impressions he presented himself at her door next morning, and was immediately admitted. Adeliza was alone; and Leander immediately began by saying to her, "I am now come to receive at your hands

the punishments, which a man who cannot keep his own secret richly deserves: I surrender myself to you, and I expect you will exert your utmost ingenuity in tormenting me—only remember, that you cannot give a stab to my heart without wounding your own image, which envelops every part, and is too deeply impressed for even your cruelty totally to extirpate."

At the conclusion of this speech, Adeliza's countenance became serious: she fixed her eyes upon the floor, and after a pause without taking any notice of Leander, if she had been talking to herself in a soliloquy, repeated in a murmuring tone, "Well, well, 'tis all over, but no matter." "For the love of Heaven," cried Leander in alarm, "what is all over?" "All that is most delightful to woman," she replied; "all the luxury which the vanity of my sex enjoys in tormenting yours. O Leander, what charming projects of revenge had I contrived to punish your indifference; and depend upon it I would have executed them to the utmost rigor of the law of retaliation, had you not in one moment disarmed me of my malice by a fair confession of your love. Believe me, Leander, I never was a coquet but in self-defence. Sincerity is my natural character: but how should a woman of any attractions be safe in such a character, when the whole circle of fashion abounds with artificial coxcombs, pretenders to sentiment, and professors of seduction? When the whole world is in arms against innocence, what is to become of the naked children of nature, if experience does not teach them the art of defence? If I have employed this art more particularly against you than others, why have I so done, but because I had more to apprehend from your insincerity than any other person's, and proportioned my defences to my danger? Between you and me, Leander, it has been more a contest of cunning than an affair of honor; & if you will call your own conduct into fair review, trust me you will find lit-

the reason to complain of mine. Naturally disposed to favor your attentions more than any other man's, it particularly behoved me to guard myself against propensities at one so pleasing and so suspicious.

"Let this suffice in justification of what is past: it now remains that I should explain to you the system I have laid down for the time to come: if ever I assume the character of a wife, I devote myself to all its duties; I bid farewell at once to all the vanities, the petulancies, the coquetries of what is falsely called a life of pleasure. The whole system must undergo a revolution, and be administered upon other principles and to other purposes. I know the world too well to commit myself to it, when I have more than my own conscience to account to, when I have not only truths but the similitudes of truths to study; suspicions, jealousies, appearances to provide against; when I am no longer singly responsible on the score of error, but of example also. It is not therefore in the public display of an affluent fortune, in dress, equipage, entertainments, nor even in the fame of splendid charities pleasures will be found: they will centre in domestic occupations; in cultivating nature and the scenes of nature, in benefiting the tenants and laborers of the soil that supplies us with the means of being useful; in living happily with my neighbors; in availing myself of those numberless opportunities, which a residence in the country affords of relieving the untold distresses of those who suffer in secret, and are too humble or perhaps too proud to ask."

Here the enraptured Leander could no longer keep silence, but breaking forth in transports of love and admiration, gave a turn to the conversation, which it is no otherwise interesting to relate, than as it proved, the prelude to an union which speedily took place, and has made Leander & Adeliza the fondest and the worthiest couple in the United States.

[From the London Literary Panorama.]

*Travels in the South of Spain, in Letters written A. D. 1809 and 1810. By William Jacob, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. Pp. 224. Pr. 3l. 3s.. Johnson & Co. London. 1811.*

SO closely do the representations by this traveller of the state of the country he has visited, agree with those which from time to time have appeared in the Panorama, that it might almost be inferred that our pages had been graced with communications from Mr. Jacob's pen, as the observations occurred to his mind. There is scarcely any opinion that he ventures to discuss, but what has already been adverted to by us; and were it necessary to justify the correctness of our statement, we have only, to appeal to the volume before us for that purpose. We predicted a long struggle on the part of the Spanish nation against their insidious foes, although treachery had given to these intruders a decisive and incalculable advantage. We complained of the want of union and combination in the nation, as a nation; notwithstanding the losses in the detail massacre by townships to which the French are exposed, and from which they suffer beyond calculation. We dreaded the partition of power into many hands, when it ought to be concentrated into few; and in fact, for the time being when it ought to be lodged in a dictator. We regretted that no such pre-dominant spirit, no blazing star had hitherto risen above the political horizon, nor fascinated into real patriotism, self-devotion, and obedience, the mass of those, who by extraordinary events were called to exercise official power. We lamented that while the bulk of the people were hearty in the cause of their country, those of the superior classes, who ought to be their exemplars, were drawn aside by prejudices, were blinded by ignorance, were deluded by false dependencies, or were so enfeebled by supineness, that they felt but

very indistinctly the stimulus of that honour which they continued to claim as due to their stations, while they omitted to justify that claim in the face of their country, which had granted it for purposes of the utmost political consequence. In all these, and in many other points, Mr. Jacob's volume completely supports our statements. This gentleman, however, has seen a *part* of Spain only. His excursion extends from Cadiz to Gibraltar, to Malaga, and to Granada. On the interior of the kingdom he offers no intelligence; and the northern provinces he does not so much as mention. We notice this, because had he been acquainted, even with Madrid only, he would have qualified certain expressions employed in estimating the virtues and the vices that enter into the Spanish character: he would not have spoken generally of some things of which he was witness, but as it were in one division of the country and people.

Mr. Jacob visited Spain at an interesting moment, shortly after the surrender of Dupont's army to the Spaniards; and he was in that country during the residence of the Marquis Wellesley as ambassador from his Britannic majesty—during the operations of the British army, which ended with the victory of Talavera—and during the irruption of the French through the passes of the Sierra Morena, their advance to Seville, and the narrow escape of Cadiz from capture, by the well laid plot and characteristic activity of that corrupted and corrupting people—including, as all the world believes, the criminal connivance, or treasonable culpability of the representatives of the nation then assembled, professedly to save their country. From this dire disgrace, and from the loss of (apparently) the last hope of Spain, Spain was delivered by the judgment, activity, and *disobedience* of the duke of Albuquerque. Our own nation has witnessed the return made to that nobleman for his service;—instead of being placed in a chief command of those

troops which had applauded his skill and decision, he was honourably exiled to an embassy, where military talents were not necessary, and where insult from home was so severely felt by his ardent mind, as to deprive him of his understanding and life.

The origin and causes of the continuance of those interfering powers, which bid fair to ruin the cause of Spain, are stated by our traveller with clearness, and we believe, with accuracy. It is true that much is due, by way of allowance to the opinions and the measures of persons suddenly called from the privacies of life, to discharge the delicate offices of sovereign power. The most rational, considerate, and sensible counsellors will not, under such circumstances, be the most forward, nor the most boisterous in enforcing their opinions; they will give advice coolly and cautiously—they will therefore, usually be foiled. The pert will prevail against the prudent. Intrigue will be active, while integrity is lost in astonishment; personal favouritism will banish national freedom; loyalty will be silenced by the sneers and insinuations of licentiousness, and the cause of Spanish liberty, with that of the deliverance of Europe and of the world, will be sacrificed—to what? To mutual suspicion and want of confidence, too well justified by a knowledge of reciprocal pusillanimity, indifference, cowardness & corruptinn—by the lukewarmness, awkwardness, and ignorance—not of the Spanish people, but of the Spanish chiefs.

Those who can contemplate this state of things without regret, or who can withhold a tear from the weakness of our common nature, we envy not. While we censure, we commiserate; while we condemn, it is not without appeal. The means that have been in the power of the Spanish leaders to command, have been less than the world believes: their authority has been exposed to collisions not to be fairly estimated by strangers; but above all, they have not really possessed that commanding confidence in

their nation—in themselves, and in their cause, which circumstances demanded, to ensure success; they have trod uncertainly, as if they feared to sink in unsettled ground; not with energy, as if conscious that it was their own weight only which caused the earth to tremble. The unhappy Don Solano, governor of Cadiz, is a specimen of a great part of the Spanish gentry. Mr. J—, says, “no man in Spain, more severely regretted the state of degradation to which the government of his country was reduced” but, “he had no confidence in the spirit of his countrymen, nor any conception that Spain contained men with energy sufficient to cast off the French yoke, or exhibit that *determined character* which was discovered at Baylen, Saragossa, and Gerona.”...“The chiefs communicated to Solana, in full confidence of his co-operation, all their secret, and as yet, undigested projects. Solano, with the caution and coolness of an experienced and wary man, doubted if the plans of the leaders were sufficiently matured, to afford a prospect of success; or, the *energy of the people sufficiently roused to second their views.*” Had he contributed to rouse that energy, and put himself at the head of his countrymen, what might not his confidence have done? His despair cost him his life, and multiplied the calamities of his country, till they are now interminable.

Mr. J—, gives a specimen of the *movements of the Spanish government*, in the state of their manufactory for musquets: what other branch of service might not have afforded a similar specimen?

Nothing can show in a stronger light, the indolence and want of combination among the Spaniards, than the state of the manufactory for musquets in this city. The government can raise as many men for the army as it desires, and very little food is requisite to sustain them; but musquets are absolutely necessary, and the demand for them is considerable; for, like most raw levies, the troops when defeated, are too apt to ensure their safety, by throwing away their arms. This, in spite of the great assistance derived from England, has occasioned their present scar-

city, and the establishment of manufactories of this important article has been, in consequence, most strenuously and frequently urged as indispensable: but it is now—more than fourteen months since the commencement of the manufactory, and not a single musquet has yet been produced. They are erecting a handsome building, while plenty of others might have been appropriated to the purpose; and the time lost in the new building, would have enabled them to finish, and send to their armies, thousands of arms for the men enlisted and ready to use them.

They have in this place a large train of artillery, mostly brass battering twenty-four pounders, and they are the most beautiful I have ever seen. These, in the present state of Spain, are of little use; but of field ordnance, of which they particularly stand in need, there is a great scarcity.

Are the Spaniards drones, then? Not as individuals. Mr. J. shall describe them:

The agility of the Spaniards in leaping, climbing, and walking, has been a constant subject of admiration to our party. We have frequently known a man on foot start from a town with us, who were well mounted, and continue his journey with such rapidity, as to reach the end of the stage before us, and announce our arrival with officious civility. A servant likewise, whom we hired at Malaga, has kept pace with us on foot ever since; and though not more than 17 years of age, he seems incapable of being fatigued by walking. I have heard the agility of the Spanish peasants, and their power of enduring fatigue, attributed to a custom, which, though it may probably have nothing to do with the cause, deserves noticing, from its singularity. A young peasant never sleeps on a bed till he is married; before that event, he rests on the floor in his clothes, which he never takes off but for purposes of cleanliness; and during the greater part of the year, it is a matter of indifference whether he sleep under a roof, or in the open air.

I have remarked, that though the Spaniards rise very early, they generally keep late hours and seem most lively and alert at midnight: this may be attributed to the heat of the weather during the day, and to the custom of sleeping after their meal at noon, which is so general, that the towns and villages appear quite deserted from one till four o'clock.—The labours of the artificer, and the attention of the shopkeeper are suspended during those hours, and the doors and windows of the latter are as closely shut as at night, or as on a holyday.

Though the Spanish peasantry treat every man they meet with politeness, they expect an equal return of civility, and to pass them with the usual expression, “*Vaya usted con Dios,*” or saluting them without bestowing on them the title of Cabaleros, would be risk-

ing an insult from people, who, though civil, and even polite, are not a little jealous of their claims to reciprocal attention. I have been informed, that most of the domestic virtues are strongly felt and practised by the peasantry; and that a degree of parental, filial, and fraternal affection is observed among them, which is exceeded in no other country. I have already said sufficient of their religion: it is a subject on which they feel the greatest pride. To suspect them of heresy, or of being descended from a Moor or a Jew, would be the most unpardonable of all offences: but their laxity with respect to matrimonial fidelity, it must be acknowledged, is a stain upon their character; which, though common, appears wholly irreconcilable with the general morality of the Spanish character. They are usually fair and honourable in their dealings, and a foreigner is less subject to imposition in Spain, than in any other country I have visited.

Their generosity is great, as far as their means extend; and many of our countrymen have experienced it in rather a singular way. I have been told, that after the revolution when Englishmen first began to travel in the Peninsula, many who had remained a few days at an inn, on asking for their bill, at their departure, learnt, to their great surprise, that some of the inhabitants, with friendly officiousness, had paid their reckoning, and forbidden the host to communicate to his guests the persons to whose civility they were indebted. I knew one party, myself, to whom this occurred at Malaga; they were hurt at the circumstance, and strenuously urged the host to take the amount of the bill, and give it to the person who had discharged it; but he resolutely refused, and protested he was ignorant of those who paid this compliment to Englishmen. It was common, if our countrymen went to a coffee-house or an ice-house, to discover, when they rose to depart, that their refreshment had been paid for by some one who had disappeared, and with whom they had not even exchanged a word. I am aware that these circumstances may be attributed to the warm feelings towards our country, which were then excited by universal enthusiasm; but they are, nevertheless, the offspring of minds naturally generous and noble.

I should be glad, if I could with justice, give as favourable a picture of the higher orders of society in this country; but perhaps, when we consider their wretched education, and their early habits of indolence and dissipation, we ought not to wonder at the state of contempt and degradation to which they are now reduced. I am not speaking the language of prejudice, but the result of the observations I have made, in which every accurate observer among our countrymen has concurred with me in saying, that the figures and the countenances of the higher orders are much inferior to those of the peasants, as

their moral qualities are in the view I have given of them.

Mr. J. has alluded to religion: as the practical part of religious profession is open to all observers, and marks the influence of *mind*; and as much of the fervor accompanying the present resistance of Spain to French oppression is maintained by the religious orders, we shall insert a part of our author's reflections on the subject:

The feelings of religion are supported by every object that presents itself to the view: at the corners of most of the principal streets, the shrines of various saints obtrude themselves upon the passenger; even the fronts of many of the houses are adorned with their images, to which the pious stranger uncovers his head with humility, and silently expresses his devotion by making the sign of the cross.

In the midst of the gaieties which commence about five o'clock in the evening, when the Paseo, or public walk is crowded with company, dressed in their most splendid attire, and indulging in the liveliest conversation, the sound of a bell announces the approaching hour of sunset. At this signal, which is called *oracion*, every one, as if by magic, seems fixed in his place; every head is uncovered, and the whole company repeats or is supposed to repeat, a mental prayer: after a few minutes devoted to these formalities, the liveliest scene is resumed, and the conversation continued from the point at which it met this pious interruption. This ceremony takes place in every part of Spain; and where theatres or other public amusements are open, the sound of this bell suspends the entertainment till the prayer is over; so great is its effect, that it is even said that assassins at the moment of executing their horrid design, have held their hand at the sound of the *oracion*, and after repeating the habitual prayer, have perpetrated their diabolical purpose.

However decorous the Spaniards may be in the performance of their public devotions, nothing can be more indecent and slovenly than the manner in which their domestic worship is conducted; a circumstance which I have frequently noticed in the family with whom I lodge. Towards the conclusion of supper, when seated round the table, the master of the house commences with repeating ten Ave Marias; the wife repeats the *Pater Noster* and her ten Ave Marias; others at the table repeat in the same manner, while one of them with a rosary of beads, keeps the account, till they have repeated the Ave Marias fifty times, and the Lord's Prayer five times, the number being accurately corrected by the string of beads. They then say a litany, adding to the name of every saint of a

long list, "ora pro nobis;" then a prayer for the dead, another for protection during the night, and conclude the whole with a Gloria Patri. The words are uttered with as much rapidity as possible; and if any employment calls away the person who is repeating, he performs the work without interrupting the prayer or losing any time; in fact, the Spaniards appear to act slowly and deliberately in every thing they undertake, except it be in this one instance of family worship.

Under every strong emotion of mind, a Spaniard has recourse to religion, and naturally crosses himself, to calm the rage of passion, dispel the horrors of fear, and allay the feelings of surprise and astonishment. The solitude of a church yard; the loneliness of a desert, and the darkness of night, are disarmed of their terrors by this magic sign, and even the exclamations of wonder, excited by English ships of war and English regiments (and nothing has excited more wonder] can only be silenced by using this never-failing and powerful charm.

With all this attachment to forms and ceremonies, it might naturally be expected, that the clergy would be looked upon as objects of veneration; but so far as I can judge, this is by no means the case. The language held towards the ministers of religion, is not always respectful, and is sometimes scurrilous. A few days ago, the auxiliary bishop of this city made a tour round his diocese, for the purpose of confirmation; from every person confirmed, a small sum of money was required, which was either an increase of the customary fee, or a novel demand. On his return to the city with the money he had thus collected, he was attacked by a banditti, who robbed him not only of his extorted wealth, but also of all the clothes and vestments that he carried in his coach. The knowledge of the story excited the jokes and the merriment of the people, mixed with wishes that the clergy were the only victims of robbers. The character and conduct of the friars is generally the object either of virulent reprobation or ludicrous jocularities. They have lost the esteem of every one, and instead of being respected for their seclusion from the world, they are reproached by all classes for their indolence, their voluptuousness, and their profligacy; their dispersion is generally looked forward to, with pleasing anticipation, as an event that must take place, if ever the people of Spain are assembled by their representatives, the Cortes.

But, with whatever sentiments his observations on the religion of the Spaniards might inspire him, our author describes the Inquisition as by no means terrific; he even ventured heretic though he was, to inspect the "whole" buildings of the Holy Office at Seville. This "whole," howe-

ver, proves to have been with several exceptions, concerning which "he could obtain no replies" to his questions.

Circumstances have changed with regard to the Merino flocks, so entirely since Mr. J. was in Spain, that we cannot now coincide in his opinion that they have suffered little from the French: but we believe his account of the power of instinct in these creatures, when he says,

The shepherds lead the flocks to the pastures, in which they fed during the preceding winter, and in which, most of them were brought forth; and such is the sagacity of the animals, that, if not conducted thither, they would of themselves discover it; nor would it be easy for their leaders to guide them to more remote districts.

In the month of April, they begin their route towards the north. The sheep become restless as the time approaches, and must be narrowly watched, lest they should escape the shepherds and enter on their march alone; for, instances have frequently occurred of flocks wandering from their guides, and proceeding several leagues towards the north, early in the morning, before the shepherds were awake.

What will our commercial readers exclaim when they learn that so few merchant ships had been built in Spain of late years, that it was impossible to carry on even the little trade they had, during the war with England, without employing vessels not of Spanish construction, in direct defiance of the law!—In consequence, the government tolerated the transgression, for two years: a remarkable instance of the universal confusion produced in the commercial world, by the disturbance of the political world.

Our author has obtained some useful information on the growth of sugar in Spain, the expenses on which he calculates. The following is the most direct ancient description of the process for obtaining *granulated sugar* that we are acquainted with:

It is not generally known that sugar is one of the productions of Spain, for at least seven hundred years, and that the process of planting the canes, grinding them, and granulating the juice, has been very little, if at all impro-

ved, within that time. I am indebted for this fact to an Arabian author on agriculture, who wrote in the kingdom of Seville, about the year 1140, called Ebn Mahomed Ebn Ahmed Ebnel Awaum. In his directions for the mode of planting the sugar cane, he quotes the authority of another author of the same nation, who is known to have written in the year 1073, called Abn Omar Aben Hajaj: as the fact is interesting, I shall translate a few passages on the subject.

"The canes should be planted in the month of March, in a plain sheltered from the east wind, and near to water; they should be well manured with cow dung, and watered every fourth day, till the shoots are one palm in height, when they should be dug round, manured with the dung of sheep, and watered every eighth day till the month of October. In January, when the canes are ripe, they should be cut into short junks and crushed in the mill. The juice should be boiled in iron cauldrons, and then left to cool until it becomes clarified: it should then be boiled again, till the fourth part only remain, when it should be put into vases of clay, of a conical form, and placed in the shade to thicken; afterwards the sugar must be drawn from the vases, and left to cool. The canes, after the juice is expressed, are preserved for horses, who eat them greedily, and become fat by feeding on them."

It is to the honour of our country, that the propositions of an Englishman, and his reasonings on the best mode of assembling the Cortes, were preferred by the most judicious Spaniards to those of a native of their own country. This is more pleasing to us as a defence to Britain, than a thousand exclamations of "Viva les Ingleses," and "Moriar Napoleon;" for the same reason we admire, in this land of cork trees, the good sense of the Spaniard who sent to Malaga for corks of English cutting, and wine bottles of English blowing.

The notice taken by Mr. J. of the pictures and buildings he inspected in various convents---of the meteorological effects to which his feelings as well as his sight bore testimony,---of the mineralogical formation of hills and mountains, the situations of many towns on their sides and summits, with other incidents, we must forego. They discover a readiness of mind, and are expressed with perspicuity and ease.

## THE LADY'S TOILET.

THE ABBEY OF SANTO PIETRA;

*Or, a Father's Vengeance.*

AN ORIGINAL ROMANCE.

### CHAPTER I.

"I'll take counsel---my doubts must be removed."

"For mine own good, all causes shall give way."

THE Marquis de Modena arrived, in great haste, at his palasso in Naples, from his castello, situated at the foot of the Apennines. It was at so early an hour, few of the household were stirring; and his appearance was so unexpected, that no preparation had been made for his reception.

His first inquiry was for Father Pietro, who had not yet left his chamber. He desired him to be called, & to attend him in the saloon with all possible despatch. This nobleman was in possession of extensive and valuable domains which yielded large revenues; but owing to his dissolute and extravagant mode of life, they were inadequate to support him in the gratification of his destructive pleasures. The luxurious vortex of the court of Naples had gained complete possession of his mind; and he entered with avidity into all its expensive pursuits.

The greatest part of his estates labored under heavy mortgages; their income not proving sufficient to supply the exorbitant demands, the mode of life, he had launched into, made upon his treasury. Amid these destructive scenes of voluptuousness, a reflective thought presented to his terrified eye the ruin that must soon overwhelm him, his family and estates, in one general bankruptcy.

In the first moments of reflection, these spasms produced, he immediately resolved to fly from the allurements of a court, so inimical to that rational satisfaction his mind ought to be in possession of; and, in the solemn retirement of the Appennine pines, correct those errors, it was in his power to effect, while surround-

ed by the temptations that produced them.

This was a resolve too hastily concluded to be carried into execution, by a man in possession of so weak and irresolute a mind as the Marquis de Modena.

He had been for several years a great favorite with the king. Many secret and important embassies, performed with fidelity to his sovereign, had advanced him in the royal favor.

Basking thus in the rays of royal munificence, he looked upon the gay attendants of the court, merely as satellites revolving round his transcendent orb. He set at defiance all the arts and machinations his enemies could invent to supplant him, and destroy the fabric his unlimited ambition had been at so much trouble in founding.

The marquis had been contracted at an early age to espouse Signora Louisa, only daughter of the Duke di Cremona, an Italian nobleman of distinguished rank and princely fortune. Not considering it of any consequence, their inclination was not consulted respecting the engagement their parents had entered into for them to perform. As Louisa advanced in years, and juvenile inconsideration disappeared before the refulgent rays of reason, she viewed with horror the destiny that awaited her, in becoming the wife of the Marquis de Modena. The profligacy of his habits were well known to his destined bride, to whom he paid little attention. He considered the transaction a reciprocal interest, to unite the honors and fortunes of their houses; and had no idea of the heart having any claim to interfere in opposition to the arrangement.

Louisa implored her father not to devote her days to wretchedness and sorrow, by compelling her to give her hand to a man on whom it was impossible for her to bestow her heart. She painted the virtues of the marquis in the most vivid colours of truth, and implored the duke to avert the fate that awaited her. No intreaty could

move him; riches and honor were of more value in his estimation, than the tears of a daughter, whom he considered intirely subservient to the will of her father. He commanded the ill-fated Louisa to look upon the marquis as the future husband of his choice; and the mandate of his frown too well assured her, that to be miserable was her inevitable doom. Imploping the aid of Omnipotence to avert the suffering, she was well assured such a marriage could not fail to produce, she resigned herself to her fate, and prepared to offer up her peace of mind a sacrifice upon the altar of parental command.

The lovely Louisa had now attained the age of eighteen. She silently beheld the preparations for her marriage, which was to be celebrated with the utmost magnificence, and in the most costly manner. She viewed, with resignation, the approach of that day that was to immolate her happiness, and gratify her father, at the expense of every earthly peace of mind.

The day at length arrived, that was to unite the fortunes and the honors of two of the most ancient houses in Italy. The marriage was celebrated at a villa belonging to the Duke di Cremona, situated on the bay of Naples. Louisa was led to the altar by the marquis, and suffered the ceremony to proceed without her mind taking an active part in riveting the fetters that were to enslave her for life. At the conclusion of the ceremony, an anthem was chanted, imploring divine blessings on the married pair. As the full organ sent its swelling notes to heaven, in confirmation of the wished-for blessing, Louisa raised her humid eyes, and involuntarily pronounced amen! They remained for some time at the Duke di Cremona's, receiving the congratulations of the nobility, and enjoying the various amusive sports, performed in honor of their nuptials.

They then proceeded to Naples; and after the hilarity of the carnival was over. Louisa was presented at

court, as the Marchioness de Modena.

For a short time, the Marquis used his lovely wife in the most respectful manner, and refrained from vices he was habitually prone to pursue. She now indulged the fond hope that he had seen the error of his former way of life; and that in the reformation of her husband, she would enjoy a happiness she had never contemplated would have been her lot. But the lovely Louisa was mistaken—the vision soon vanished; and she beheld the marquis in his true colors. She was now

“As women wish to be who love their lords.”

The marquis was transported at the tidings. The prospect of having an heir, created in him a momentary affection for his wife—it was but momentary: he could not withstand the various pleasures that presented; and, in following their fascinations, he forgot his beloved wife—left a victim to his brutal conduct, and pining under the accumulated weight of wretchedness and neglect.

The marchioness was unable to support the conflict; the conduct of her husband preyed upon her mind; and she was seized with an alarming indisposition that threatened her life.

The marquis was alarmed at this intelligence; he flew to his suffering wife, and confessing his errors implored her forgiveness. He now paid her every attention; but the disease had powerful possession of her constitution, and baffled all medical skill. She was removed to the villa belonging to her father, in hopes that the pure air of the country would have a happy effect in restoring her to health. She lingered on for some months in this deplorable condition; all hopes of recovery were destroyed. The weakness of her frame brought on a premature birth; and for some moments it appeared that her soul had left its earthly tenement, and soared to the mansions of eternal peace. She however revived a little, and implored the marquis to be an af-

fectionate father to her child. While yet the lamp of life lingered on her trembling lips, ere it was extinguished by relentless death, he gave her a solemn assurance to fulfil all she had requested him to perform. She raised her eyes to heaven, then fixed them on her husband and child—then closing them, expired without a groan.

She was interred, with great funeral pomp and parade, in the family vault of the Duke di Cremona.

After the usual term of exterior mourning had expired, the marquis returned to Naples. His son had been left under the care of proper nurses, at the Duke di Cremona's, who had obtained a promise from him that he should have the care of the infant, until it had arrived at those years, which would put its tender frame beyond the power of unguarded imprudence to destroy. The request was most readily complied with by the marquis.

On his return to Naples, he threw off all appearance of sorrow; and in assuming his usual disposition, now clear of restraint, nearly forgot that ever such a woman as the once lovely Louisa—the ill-fated Marchioness de Modena had existed.

Father Pietro was a monk of the Carthusian order; and though the monastery, over which he presided as abbot, was in the vicinity of Naples, and contiguous to the palasso de Modena; he generally made the latter his residence, when his attendance was not required in the performance of the religious duties so strictly observed by brethren, over whom he was the spiritual father. The marquis consulted him on every point where the lightest shade of doubt could rest; and his assent to confirm any plan to be carried into execution, was of the utmost consequence. The marquis reposed implicit confidence in his decisions, and acted in uniformity with what his opinion dictated.

The late marquis had, at any early period of his son's life, observed with heartfelt sorrow, his disposition to be possessed of many unhappy traits. It

was his anxious desire to have them eradicated ere they had gained an ascendancy, and rendered him a victim to all the evils attending the propensities they manifested. Maturely reflecting with parental solicitude, on the best plan to be pursued, he concluded, that in placing him under the care of a holy preceptor, he would accomplish this desire, so necessary to give his mind its native ease, in having the supreme satisfaction of beholding his son restored to the paths of morality and rectitude.

Being well acquainted with the venerable padre of a Carthusian monastery, whose amiable character intitled him to the greatest respect, and on whose word the most implicit confidence could be placed, he applied to him and solicited him to recommend a person adequate to fill the situation. The holy padre informed the Marquis there was a brother in the monastery whom he could recommend as, in every respect, fully competent to the arduous duties attending the preceptorship of his son.

He had been a member of the order for several years; and during the time of his life had been devoted to the service of the church, his conduct, in no instance, had been censured by his superiors. The rigid and austere inflexibility he uniformly manifested, in fulfilling the duties religion enjoined on its votaries, had gained him the respect and veneration of all the brethren. In addition to this undeviating duty, for which his name was rendered so eminently conspicuous, he had been particularly attentive to the cultivation of his mind. He had stored up a large fund of knowledge, from every author of celebrity in the various departments of literature, ethics and belles lettres; and he was well acquainted with the numerous metaphysical disquisitions that arrange themselves in the recess of the human mind.

The marquis was highly elated with the character given of Brother Pietro, and expressed his thanks to the venerable padre in the warmest

terms. As he did not wish his son should lose any of the advantages such a preceptor must be capable of a rendering to a mind put under his care for cultivation, he solicited the abbot to have Brother Pietro sent for. He complied with his request; and a porter was ordered to inform Brother Pietro that the Superior required his immediate attendance in the refectory.

The monk obeyed the summons of the abbot. He entered the refectory in a slow and solemn manner: his eyes were fixed upon the ground; and his arms were folded over his breast. He approached the padre, and, crossing himself, took a seat near the Superior. He gave a slight inclination with his head on observing the marquis, who saluted him in the most respectful manner.

The venerable padre made him acquainted with the views of the marquis, and the reasons for which his presence was requested by him. After some silent deliberation he acquiesced with the request, and informed he would undertake to superintend the education of his son—and at the same time infuse into his mind a veneration for the practice of religious morality. To be continued.

## ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

BY A LADY.

COULD that kind of love be kept alive thro' the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would be no longer sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shows us that this is impossible, and experience informs us, that it always was so—we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily as we can.

When your present violence of passion, however, subsides, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that

only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless, amid the pleasure of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however sublime; no object, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said, indeed, to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth—you have made your choice, and you ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen of years. Turn, therefore, all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow in brightness by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by these means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusements: nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavor therefore, to cement the present intimacy on every side. Let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expenditures, your friendships, or your aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity, and dread a refinement in wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not

to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence; and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, or that she never touches a card:—cards and learning are good in their places, and may both be used with advantage.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you; but pray, let her never suspect that it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding, much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to *gain and keep* the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment, however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect: and if she can endure it without complaint, it is only a proof that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardor may abate; but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay to every other; and not shew his wife that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion, that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head; but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not so expensive as is sometimes imagined; but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well chosen society of acquaintances and friends, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gaiety and splendor, where the

conversation of the day may afford a comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure we can enjoy; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

A word or two on *jealousy*, may not be amiss; for, though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom, for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never tease her; tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied, that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her:—but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain; nor do your business, nor pay your visits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed to the public at large.

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*To the Editor of the Magazine.*

Sir—I have extracted from a European magazine, a pair of pictures, which I hope you may deem worthy to adorn the department you have so judiciously appropriated to the ladies.

*A Subscriber.*

#### THE OLD BACHELOR.

I AM that insulated being called an *Old Bachelor*: a creature wearisome to myself and beloved by no one. I have spent the noon of my days in a single state, from the dread of incurring the expenses incident to a married life with a woman who had nothing; and now sorely do I repent that I had not generosity enough to overlook this consideration in favour of a charming girl, whom I truly loved, and who wanted nothing but fortune to recommend her. I was formerly clerk to her father, then a merchant of great respectability; but some years after greatly reduced by

the unfortunate turn of affairs in the late contest between us and America. When he failed, I was settled in the world, and might have saved his amiable girl from many a year of fatigue and distress, into which their poverty immersed her. But with a *sang froid*, for which I now detest myself, I then stood aloof, tore my thoughts from the sweet Eliza, and driving forward into the heart of the city, determined to lose myself in the recesses of counting houses, and the accumulation of money. Thus avoiding all the plagues and expenses of a family, for which I deemed the society of an elegant and affectionate woman, by no means, an equivalent.....Alas! Mr. Editor, I now see how I miscalculated; how much such a partnership would have been to my advantage in the long run. I now put the mutual participation of pleasure and pain, the endearments of our children, that flattering interest which Eliza would have taken in me; *for whom by the way nobody now cares a straw*—I put all those on the credit side of the ledger, and find on the opposite page, only such a portion of expenses as I have actually brought upon myself, by being drawn in to give tavern dinners, and a thousand other extravagancies that young men know not how to avoid. You will easily see, when a just account is made out, what I have *gained*, or rather, what I have *lost*.....Instead of the bright hearth and smiling faces of my family—instead of sitting down in the midst of beings, who owe life to me, and portioning out their little meal, with the delicious sensations of a father, I take my solitary chop at a coffee-house, and afterwards saunter to the theatre, where venal beauty holds her net—and I am caught!.....Alas! here is no mind—here is no modesty to make sentiment interesting. After having seen a public entertainment with Eliza, with what delight might we have passed the remainder of the evening. Her taste and sensibility would have made us live the hours over again with additional pleasure; her bosom would have been my har-

bor in the storms of life, and there I should have found resources from *ennui* in the calm season of prosperity; in the day of sickness her voice could have whispered comfort; and in my dying hour, the pure invocations of my children might have availed me at the throne of grace. What a sad reckoner have I been, Mr. Editor! I am now as gray as a badger, and have not a single relative in the world. I have long retired from business; but my fortune brings me no enjoyment—my dog leads nearly as rational a life. I eat and drink and sleep alternately as he does; for I now fear to become the prey of some indigent dame, who would overlook my grey hairs and infirmities in consideration of coming in for a third of my wealth, and therefore avoid much commerce with the sex, from whom, though I might once have derived happiness, I can now only expect trick, or at best, ridicule. But what can a man do who has let avarice run away with him in his youth, when all the social affections should have been at their out-posts to prevent it? All that remains for such a man (after the example of a culprit going to execution) is to warn the multitude how they fall into this error. To assure them that the good which is not participated, is not half enjoyed, and that those who abandon a young woman from motives similar to mine, as they do not deserve happiness, so they never will obtain it. And moreover, Mr. Editor, if you print this, please to add, that an equal mixture of love and prudence forms the only, and most delicious conserve they will have the faculty of relishing all their life. Either, taken separately, is prejudicial: one being too austere, and the other too sweet; they must be blended to render them happily effective, and if any persons have skill enough to make up the composition after my recipe, I shall not have bemoaned myself, nor you have inserted this in vain.

*I am, sir, yours, &c.*

STEPHEN SORROWFUL.

VOL. I.

## THE OLD MAID.

SINCE you have admitted the complaints of an Old Bachelor, you will surely not treat an *Old Maid* with less civility. I am one of that despised sisterhood, very much against *my inclination*, I assure you; and if you please, you will give my history in a few words.—When quite a girl, I was in a similar situation to that of Mr. Sorrowful's Eliza. My lover had spared no pains to make a lasting impression on my heart; and succeeded so well, that I was in the habit for many years of drawing involuntary comparisons in his favour, from the appearance of every man who said civil things to me, and with the constancy of an heroine, kept his idea "unmixed with baser matter," till he was pleased to quit my vivacious ladyship, the bloom of *two-and-twenty* yet glowing on my cheek, for a deformed piece of antiquity attractive for nothing but her wealth. Touched by that, as if by the spear of Aithurriel, he started up into his proper form; and I lost him forever. I did, as I suppose most young women do in such cases: in public I laughed away all appearance of grief, and sat up at night to weep unobserved. My sorrow some time after assumed a softer tone; and I wrote very pathetic odes to despair, ingratitude, &c. till time and pride swept away the last trace of tenderness, and left on the tablet of the mind, nothing by which to remember the circumstance, except a tolerable quantity of double-refined contempt.

By this time I was in the sober latitude of *thirty*, and near being put upon the woful list of *stale virginity*, when a man, many years older than myself, paid me particular attention, and repressed for a time the prognostics of the withered community, who feared I might yet escape them. From the similarity of our tastes and dispositions, I began to hope that I might, though late, meet with happiness, or at least avoid the ridicule attendant on *old-maidism*, of which I had a very absurd dread. This lover of mine, thought I, has passed that heyday of

the passions, which hurries men into inconstancy; though he is not so desperately fond, I think I may depend on having him all to myself. Well! all is for the best. I once thought I never could like any man but Edward; but time changes one strangely. Nevertheless, the same sensations do not recur with the same force as for him: that can happen but once—and, perhaps this man's mind may be better adapted to my contracted powers of susceptibility, than one of a warmer and finer texture.

Thus, you see, sir, I settled this second affair quite to my mind, and seemed willing to accommodate myself to such a mixed kind of enjoyment as Fate appeared to design for me. I now inquired after houses to let at moderate rents, became acquainted with the secrets of marketing at low prices, and interested myself in the reported addition of taxes. But while I was thus laudably trying to fit myself for a good house-wife, lo! my man of moderation flies off—and leaves me for the roses and lilies of sixteen!

However, his deserts overtook him time enough. The girlish playfulness that had bewitched him from me, presently showed itself in a multitude of unpleasant forms, when kept up by the wife. He soon had to contend with obstinacy, ill-nature and contradiction, which extreme youth and beauty in madam made her think she *had a right* to display. "She would weep when he was disposed to be merry, and laugh like a hyena when he was inclined to *sleep*;" admit gentlemen to her toilet, buy her millinery in Bond street, and rattle home at four in the morning from a card party. In short, she led him a most *delectable* life; and, if I could have enjoyed revenge, his predicament would have furnished me with a treat. But I am not made up of such ungentle elements. I sometimes, even *now*, heave a sigh for *his* fate; and, though he has lost my esteem forever, I feel as much sorrow for his wretchedness, as resentment at his conduct.

Don't you think, good Mr. Editor, that it is a pity such a liberal-hearted creature as myself, should be thus excluded from some of the most endearing connexions in nature? With the first man who won my heart, I would have braved every danger, and have struggled with every difficulty; and for the second, although, perhaps I might not have been quite so active, I certainly would have done my best to brighten his autumnal days, and to jog with him down October hill with as equal a pace as might be.

Except that my own caprices have not occasioned my misfortunes, I do think my case much harder than that of Mr. Sorrowful: and if you, Mr. Editor, deem the prayers of *vestals* efficacious, you may secure mine at the trifling expence of inserting this, that the world may see our sisterhood is not composed, merely of decayed beauties or unsocial spirits, but sometimes, the unwelcome retreat, into which those of elegant desires and wounded sensibility are too often plunged, by the versatility of the other sex. *I am, sir, Your humble ser't,*

SOPHIA MYRTLE.

#### A GOOD HUSBAND.

THE good Husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle. He treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, and with tenderness as a friend. He attributes her folly to her *weakness*, her imprudence to her *inadvertency*. He passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence..... All his strength power are exerted for her support and protection. He is more anxious to preserve his own character and his reputation, because her's is blended with it. Lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example; that as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite to ensure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

## A GOOD WIFE.

THE good Wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she had entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure and unblemished in every thought, word and deed. She is humble and modest from reason and conviction; submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination. What she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion. She always makes it her business to serve and oblige her husband; conscious, that every thing which promotes his happiness, must in the end contribute to her own. Her tenderness relieves his cares; her affection softens his distress; her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions. "She openeth her mouth," as Solomon says, "with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.—She looketh well to the way of her husband, and eateth not the bread of idleness; her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her." As a good and pious Christian she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the dispenser and disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, entreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty; well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised."

## FEMININE BEAUTY.

IN the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, and they are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion; and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, there cannot be beauty unless there be something more.

The finest features, ranged in the

must exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love: Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency; so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or the disposition of features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you it is something that he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any feature, but diffused over all—he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation, which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies, as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their object; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, in the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost beauty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mark to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, *affectation*: it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt.—By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill, as to deceive superficial observers, though these it can but deceive for a moment. Looks, which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them, must therefore, soon predominate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid aside together; the smiles, and the languishments of art, will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health; it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but, as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered & ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education.—It has been remarked that the predominant passions may be discovered in the countenance: because the muscles by which they are expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax—so that the expression remains, when the passion is suspended; thus, an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in

characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance, when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features, which makes a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor. "It is," to use an eastern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but a defence." If it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it; it represses with awe; it softens with delicacy, and wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity; every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness, than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish: and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the most sordid infidelity, and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factious beauty has laid by her smiles, when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; she will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain! The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluc-

tance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it therefore be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Virtue; and that those who wish to be lovely, must learn early to be good.

### PICTURE OF CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

COLD would be the heart of a husband, were he not rendered unnatural by early debauchery, who did not feel more delight at seeing his child suckled by its mother, than the most artful wanton tricks could excite; yet this natural way of cementing the matrimonial tie, and twisting esteem with fonder recollections, wealth has led women to spurn. To preserve their beauty, and wear the flowery crown of the day, that gives them a kind of right to reign for a short time over the sex, they neglect to stamp impressions on their husband's hearts, that would be remembered with more tenderness, when the snow on the head began to chill the bosom, than even their virgin charms. The maternal solicitude of a reasonable, affectionate woman is very interesting; and the chastened dignity with which a mother returns the caresses that she and her child receive from a father, who has been fulfilling the serious duties of his station, is not only a respectable, but a beautiful sight. So singular, indeed, are my feelings, and I have endeavoured not to catch factitious ones, that after having been fatigued with the sight of insipid grandeur, and the slavish ceremonies that with cumbrous pomp, supplied the place of domestic affections, I have turned to some other scene to relieve my eye, by resting it on the refreshing green every where scattered by nature. I have then viewed with pleasure a woman nursing her chil-

dren, and discharging the duties of her station, with perhaps, merely a servant maid, to take off her hands the servile part of the household business. I have seen her prepare herself and her children, with only the luxury of cleanliness, to receive her husband; who, returning weary home in the evening, found smiling babes and a clean hearth. My heart has loitered in the midst of the group, and has even throbbed with sympathetic emotion, when the scraping of the well known foot has raised a pleasing tumult.

Whilst my benevolence has been gratified by contemplating this artless picture, I have thought that a couple of this description, equally necessary and independent of each other, because each fulfilled the respective duties of their station, possessed all that life could give. Raised sufficiently above abject poverty, not to be obliged to weigh the consequence of every farthing they spend, and having sufficient to prevent their attending to a frigid system of economy, which narrows both heart and mind. I declare, so vulgar are my conceptions, that I know not what is wanted to render this the happiest, as well as the most respectable situation in the world, but a taste of literature, to throw a little variety and interest into social converse, and some superfluous money, to give to the needy and to buy books. For it is not pleasant when the heart is open by compassion, and the head active in arranging plans of usefulness, to have a prim urchin continually twitching back the elbow, to prevent the hand from drawing out an almost empty purse, whispering, at the same time, some prudential maxim, about the priority of justice.

### ON THE ABSURD COMPLIMENTS *Which people pay to Parents on the Likeness of Children.*

—  
Mother's mouth, and mother's nose,  
Father's eyes—as black as sloes.

I WAS drawn into this essay by the observations I made the other day up-

on a christening visit: the whole of the house were in smiles; every thing was bought new, in honour of the little heir: the men all looked as if they had made free with the cellar; the maids, as if they were properly elevated with caudle; and master Charley, who was the occasion of the festivity, seemed to have more of the bottle than agreed with his young stomach, as it flowed spontaneously again.

The situation of a lady in the straw has something in it pleasing and dignified; she commands at once our admiration and our respect. I have been puzzled to know from whence this expression took its rise: I cannot attribute it to any thing more probable, than the state of the Virgin Mary, when she brought forth the child in the stable: and this expression is now the remains of the Roman church, which always introduced these sayings, that every thing, more or less, might keep pace with the New Testament.

The gossips being met, and all the ladies of the circle of her acquaintance collected together, with each a half-crown of king Charles, ready for the nurse, I sat in the arm chair, and attended to the remarks of the dames and virgins:—One said, it was a *sweet creature*; another, it was, indeed, a *charming baby*; a third, that it was the picture of papa; a fourth, that it was mama's own child; a fifth, that it had its mother's eyes; a sixth, that it had its father's nose; a seventh, that it had its mother's pretty little ears; an eighth, that she was sure it *would be sensible*, for it was its papa's picture; a ninth, that she vowed it would be *musical*, for it smiled as soon as she hummed a tune; a tenth, that the child would be *brave*, for as soon as it saw the captain's regimentals, it clenched its sweet little fist, and kicked immoderately; and so on, till another lady came in with a fine boy, when all the company accorded unanimously, in declaring that master Tommy was the picture of his father, the captain—they overpower-

ed the boy with caresses, and the lady with compliments, till she had an opportunity of deceiving them, by assuring the ladies all, that master Tommy *was her nephew*, and that his father lived more than an hundred miles from town! The ladies all stared—were loth to retract their assertions; and so, to support their argument, they began to whisper a little to each other, that so many persons could not be deceived, and that they *must be right*, and she *wrong*, as there were ten to one against her.

I shall finish this gossiping story with an anecdote of the late lady Tyrrawley, who was paying a christening visit, and after waiting a long time with great impatience to see the child, which the nurse was to bring down, the footman came into the apartment to mend the fire; and her ladyship being prodigiously near sighted, and at this time very eager to testify her zeal, and shew her compliments the first to the family, by a thousand common-place observations, she ran up immediately to the servant, who had the coal-bucket in his hand, and said, with uncommon volubility, "*It is the sweetest creature I ever beheld—my lord duke's nose, my lady duchess's eyes and mouth—dear nurse, this is an universal joy, for sure, no mother had a sweeter creature.*"—The company all stared: her ladyship never discovered her error, called for her chair, found herself very happy that she had paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his grace's *delightful baby!* OBSERVER.

#### MORALIST.

#### APOSTROPHE TO IDLENESS.

IDLENESS, thou bane of every estimable quality, thou pander of every vice; in what colours of infamy oughtest thou to be painted, & how dangerous is it to indulge thy caresses! Beneath thy enervating blandishments every corruption springs up, and every virtue is obscured. It is thou that sinkest the love of honorable performance in the bed of inglorious

ease It is thou that holdest out the oblivious draught of what duty calls to perform; and when once thy cup is tasted to intoxication, farewell every hope of fame; farewell every wish for distinction. Bound in thy fetters, talents whether natural or acquired, are useless: and even the brightest virtues become tainted by folly, or contaminated by perverse passions. I have seen proud lords of nature stoop to thy bewitchings 'till they incumbered the very earth on which they dwelt, and only lived to disgrace themselves, and to be a burden to the community.

#### AN EXCELLENT CUSTOM OF THE SAMNITES.

THE Samnites had a custom, which in so small a republic, and especially in their situation, must have produced admirable effects. The young people were all convened in one place, and their conduct examined. He that was declared the best of the whole assembly, had leave given him to take which girl he pleased for his wife; the person that had been declared second best, chose after him, and so on. Admirable institution!—The only recommendation that young men could have on this occasion was owing to virtue, and to the services done their country. He who had the greatest share of those endowments, chose which girl he liked out of the whole nation. Love, beauty, chastity, birth and even wealth itself, were all, in some measure, the dowry of virtue. A nobler and grander recompense, less chargeable to a petty state, and more capable of influencing both sexes, could scarcely be imagined.

It appears by the foregoing, that high collars, short jackets, and shovel-nos'd boots, had no great influence among the Samnites; and which together with a few more polite acquirements, such as swallowing two or three gills of gin or brandy before breakfast, sitting over a card-table 'till two or three o'clock of a Sunday morning, half stupified with wine and

then reeling home to their lodgings, conclude the scene with damning and cursing the good people of the house for going to bed so soon, &c. constitutes the greater part of the recommendations of a number of our present young men.

EVERY season of the year, like the life of man, is intermixed, more or less with beauties and deformities, with storms and sunshines, with scenes both delightful and disagreeable. Spring, like youth, is the season of animation, sprightliness and music. Winter, like old age, has more of fears than of hopes; more of pains than of pleasures—its days and nights are tedious and joyless—its prospects are depressing and gloomy. In summer, as in ripening manhood, all is fervid, vigorous and productive. Autumn, like the mature age of man, is tranquil and sedate. It presents us first with loaded branches of ripened fruit; and then with fading beauties, falling leaves, nipping frosts, plaintive sounds, dying insects, growling tempests, unmelodious groves, naked hills, and pillaged fields—In the fading verdure of the woods; in the decaying, falling leaves of every tree, both the young and the old may view themselves as in a mirror, and learn their frailty, and rapid progress to dissolution. But, however, our bodies fade, let our virtues flourish. Then as verdant and fruitful trees, we shall beautify and benefit the world, and at death be transported to the Paradise above, where our leaf shall not wither, nor our root decay.

#### FOR THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE. ARITHMETIC.

Although numerous have been the Theorems of Interest and Annuities, investigated by the writers on that subject, yet, it seems, they have not taken sufficient notice of the following one, viz.

Given, a bono, or other debt, on interest, to be discharged by the payment of an Annuity.

*Investigation.*

If  $r$  = the amount of 1 dollar or

pound at the end of one year, or one half year, quarter, or any other given time,  $p$  = the principal, or sum at interest;  $a$  = the annuity, or sum to be paid at the end of each year, half year, quarter year, or at the end of any other given time, and let  $n$  stand for the number of payments required for  $a$  to exhaust  $p$ ; it is plain that the following analogy will take place.

As one dollar is to  $p$  dollars, so is the amt. of one dollar ( $r$ ) at a given time, to the amt. of  $p$  dollars for the same time, that is,

$$1 : r :: p : \frac{p \times r}{1} = pr; \text{ let a}$$

payment now be made, and we shall have  $pr - a$  = a sum to start on at the beginning of the second term; at which time the same analogy may be resumed, i. e.

$1 : r :: pr - a : pr^2 - ar$ , make another payment, and  $pr^2 - ar - a$  will remain at the commencement of the third term, and so on, until  $r$  has arisen to a power denoted by the number of payments ( $n$ ) before the principal ( $p$ ) shall have been completely exhausted, such as

$pr^n - ar^{n-1} - ar^{n-2} - ar^{n-3} -$   
&c. . . . .  $ar - a = 0$  will be a true expression, by way of a series, for finding any one of the four quantities,  $p$ ,  $a$ ,  $r$ , or  $n$ , having the three others given. For, by reduction, thus:

$pr^n = a \times (r^{n-1} + r^{n-2} + r^{n-3} +$   
&c. . . . .  $r + 1)$  by transposition and division, from which it is well known that

$r^{n-1} + r^{n-2} + r^{n-3} + \&c..$   
 $r + 1$  will  $= \frac{r^n - 1}{r - 1}$  . . . we shall have

thus,

$$Pr^n = \frac{a \times r^n - 1}{r - 1}, \text{ from which}$$

expressions four useful theorems may be formed.

1st. Let  $ar^n - a = b$ , then  $p =$

$$\frac{b}{r^{n+1} - r^n},$$

2d.  $ar^n - pr^n \times r - 1 = a$ , and  $r^n =$   
 $\frac{a}{a - p \times (r - 1)} = N$ , then by taking

the logarithms of both sides of the equation,  $r^n = N$ , we have  $\log. r \times n = \log. N$ , and  $n = \frac{\log. N}{\log. r}$ ,

3d.  $a \times r^n - 1 = r - 1 \times pr^n$  from which we get

$$a = \frac{r^n - 1}{r - 1 \times pr^n}, \text{ the 4th}$$

theorem, being somewhat complex, it will require some considerations different from those necessary in the three preceding ones; we shall, however, endeavour to obtain such an expression for the value of  $r$  (the ratio + 1) as will enable us to solve the problem in all its different shapes.

Let, in the first place, the original expression

$$pr^n = \frac{ar^n - a}{r - 1} \text{ be clear-}$$

ed of fractions, thus,

$r - 1 \times pr^n = ar^n - a$ , or, which is the same thing,  $pr^{n+1} - pr^n - ar^n = -a$ , that is, by  $\div$

$$r^{n+1} - \frac{(P+a)}{p} + r^n + \frac{a}{p} = 0, \text{ now}$$

put  $\frac{(P+a)}{p} = -q$ , and  $\frac{a}{p} = s$ ,


then will we have our four theorems:

$$1. p = \frac{b}{r^{n+1} - r^n \log. N}$$

$$2. n = \frac{\log. N}{\log. r}$$

$$3. a = \frac{r-1 \times pr^n}{r^n - 1}$$

$$4. r^n + 1 - qr^n + s = 0.$$

 **Note.** It is intended to give examples for the further illustration of the foregoing theorems, in some future number.

W.

## Amusing.

### ANECDOTE OF FOOTE.

An eccentric barber some years since opened a shop under the walls of the king's bench prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared, 'Shave for a penny,' with the usual invitations to customers; and over his door was scrawled the following poetry

Here lives Jemmy Wright,  
Shaves as well as any man in England,  
Almost—not quite.

Foote, who loved any thing eccentric, saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, pulled off his hat and thrusting his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out, 'is Jemmy Wright at home?' The barber immediately forced his head thro' another pane into the street, and replied, "No, sir, he has just *popt* out." Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

Charles II. hearing a high character of a preacher in the country, attended one of his sermons. Expressing his dissatisfaction, one of the courtiers replied, that the preacher was applauded to the skies by his congregation. "Aye," observed the king, "I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense."

VOL. I.

A certain newly created Justice of the Peace, rather too much elevated with the dignity of his office, riding out one day with his attendant, met a Clergyman, finely mounted on a handsome gelding, richly caparisoned.—When he first saw him, he desired his attendant to take notice how he would smoke the parson. He accordingly rode up to him, and accosted him as follows:—"Sir, your servant: I think, sir, you are mounted on a very handsome horse." "Yes, sir," said the Clergyman, "I thank you, very fleshy." "But what is the reason," says the Justice, "you do not follow the example of your worthy master, who was humble enough to ride to Jerusalem on an ass?" "Why, to tell you the truth," says the Clergyman, "government have made so many *ASSES Justices* lately, that an honest Clergyman can't find one to ride on."

Some years ago as Mr. Anstee was returning home with some jovial companions through Bath, about three o'clock in the morning, they accidentally met with the watch, who was regularly crying the hour. In the mirth of heart they were in, this was construed by some of the bucks to be a sort of satire for keeping bad hours. Mr. Anstee, therefore insisted that the fellow should cry past eleven instead of three, and on pain of corporal punishment. After some remonstrance the poor man was obliged to comply; but before he had finished his oration, suddenly recollecting himself, he said, shrewdly, I know the hour I am to call! but pray gentlemen, what sort of weather would you choose to have?—Sunshine, you scoundrel, to be sure—sunshine. Upon which, notwithstanding its raining at that time violently, the accommodating watchman gravely cries out in the proper key—"Past eleven o'clock, and by particular desire, a sunshining night."

HENRY the IV. being much enamoured of Madam d'Entrages, asked

her one day, which was the way to her chamber? *Thro' the Church, sir,* answered she.

The circumstance of Dr. Lettsome having liberally subscribed 30*l.* for flannel waistcoats, blankets, &c. and other comforts for the soldiers, although as a Quaker, he could not contribute to such measures reminds us of one of that society, who, being asked to subscribe towards the erection of a new church, replied, "Friend, I cannot consistently subscribe towards building thy church, but I will give thee 100*l.* to pull the old one down."

This again reminds us of another anecdote of a Quaker who had the command of a trading vessel which had to encounter an enemy's lugger on the voyage. His principles forbade him to fight direct; he therefore resigned the command to the mate.—In the course of the action, however, things did not go on to his liking, and he addressed the mate in the following terms:—"If thou meanest to hit the enemy, friend, thou shouldest point thy guns a little more abaft."

A poor malefactor in Newgate, was lately surprized, as he was searching the bible very attentively, by his visitor, a methodist-preacher; he said he was looking for a passage he could not find. "Give it me, (said the pastor) I can find any *passage*." "Can you so, (says the criminal) why, then, I wish you would *find me a passage out of this prison*."

A LAWYER, at Poughkeepsie, was applied to, during his life time, by an indigent neighbor, for his opinion on a question of law, in which the interests of the latter, were materially involved. The lawyer gave him his advice, and charged the poor man three dollars for it. "There is the money," said his client, "it is all that I have in the world, and my family have been a long time without pork." Thank God," replied the lawyer, "my wife has never known

the want of pork, since we were married." "Nor never will," the countryman rejoined, "so long as she has so great a hog as you." The lawyer was so pleased with the repartee, that he forgave the poor fellow, and returned his money.

A plain countryman bringing his daughter to town, said, tho' she was brought up altogether in the country, she was a girl of sense. Yes, says a pretty young female in company, *country sense*. Why faith, madam, says the man, *country sense* is better sometimes *than city impudence*.

#### A RARE SITUATION.

A person advertising for a country house thus concludes: "If no *hounds* within ten miles, and if no *attorney* within twenty the more agreeable."

A certain celebrated physician, now no more, took up his lodgings in an inn for the night. Being somewhat indisposed by a violent cold, went early to his bed, and directed the servant to prepare a glass of warm punch, and to leave it by his bedside. This was accordingly done; but before the beverage was ready, the doctor was snoring in the arms of Morpheus. A fellow lodger in the same room, finding the doctor safely moored, sans ceremonie, emptied the glass. The doctor awaking in the morning, was asked by his fellow lodger how he slept? Never better, replied the doctor; and casting his eyes on the empty glass, further added, I knew that hot punch was with me a sovereign receipt for a cold.

At a public dinner, a few days ago, at Plymouth, the Mayor gave the following toast—"May the hides of Buenos Ayres be speedily tanned in England." The company being numerous, before it reached the bottom of the table, the words degenerated into "May the *hide of Bonaparte* be speedily tanned in England."

A gentleman who had been desired

by his wife to make a purchase for her at a milliner's, being accosted by a friend on his return to call in, begged to be excused from stopping, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife, and was afraid *the fashion would alter before he got home.*

A gentleman just married told Foote, that he had laid out 3000 pounds for his dear wife in jewels. 'Faith,' says the wit, 'you are no hypocrite, she must be your dear wife indeed.'

Lady Lane was presiding one evening at the card table, when her ruffles caught the fire of the candle; Lord Lyttleton, intending to be witty on the accident, said he did not think her ladyship so apt to take fire. 'Nor am I, my Lord, from such a spark as you.'

Some of the Massachusetts insurgents, haranguing on the topic of grievances, observed to the sheriff of Worcester, that his fees for hanging were on the list. 'Gentlemen, says he strike it off, for I will hang you all gratis.'

An old continental soldier arrived at an inn, and asked for refreshment. The hostess set before him a bone of ham and a crust of bread. Her son, who had been an officer, gave the poor fellow a shilling, and when he had done picking bid him march off. Soon after the old woman comes in to look for her pay. 'Mother,' says the officer, 'what might the picking of that bone be worth?' 'Why, about one and sixpence these hard times.' 'Well,' cries the humane son, 'I have made a fine bargain, and saved sixpence, for I gave him but a shilling to pick the whole.'

A late London Gazette contains the following curious article, under the head *army promotions*—'Ensign A. Ross to be lieutenant, vice Handy, who is superseded, being with child.

The marshal, Turenne, happening one hot day to be looking out of the window of his antichamber, in a white waiscoat and night-cap. A servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under-cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand which was none of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The marshal instantly turns about, and the fellow frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master: down he drops upon his knees—*Oh! my lord! I thought it was George—And suppose it had been George,* replied the marshal rubbing his breech, *you ought not to have struck quite so hard.*

A barber was once asked, what was the reason that nature had not given beards to women? The tonsor replied, 'Because they could never hold their tongues long enough to be shaved.'

A chemist, discoursing of drugs, asserted, that all *bitter* things were *hot*. 'No (observed one present) there is one of a very different quality, and that is—a bitter cold day.'

A lady told her husband, she read the *Art of love* on purpose to be agreeable to him. 'I had rather have *love without art*,' replied he.

A biography of Robespierre in an Irish paper concludes thus: 'This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother who was killed at the same time.'

A dissenting minister, not many years since deceased, married three wives; the first for her riches: the second on account of her personal charms; the third he married in old age, merely for the sake of securing her attention and his own comfort; this last, however, who survived him, proved an abominable shrew. 'I have,' said the reverend old man to a friend, 'had in my time three wives;

the world, the flesh, and the devil, but the devil sticks by.'

An innkeeper lately complaining to a Frenchman that his house was greatly infested with rats, and that he would willingly give a considerable sum to get rid of them, was on the morning he received his bill accosted by him, 'Sair, I shall tell you vich vay you shall get rid of de rat.' 'I will be much obliged to you if you can,' replied the landlord. 'Vell den, only charge de rat as you charge me, and de rat vill never come to your house again.'

A gentleman the other day, speaking of another, whom he suspected of living in too high a style, observed, that 'he believed he would owe several thousand dollars, after all his debts were paid.'

A soldier, being reproached by his commander for absenting himself from his corps, 'Please your honour said,' he, 'I got into a wood, and could not find my way out.' The fellow spoke true, he had been in the stocks.

Burroughs, when confined at Castle Island in Boston harbour, was sentenced for some offence to ride the wooden horse. When he mounted, he was accosted by the chaplain of the garrison, with a "good-morrow, Mr. Burroughs, what are you doing there?" He instantly replied; 'Doing, Mr Chaplain, you see I am running the christain race, steadfast and immoveable.'

"During the American war, Mr. West was employed at Windsor Castle, in painting an historical piece for his Majesty, who often attended in person to observe the progress of the work. The etiquette of the court is, it seems, that no man speaks loud in his Majesty's presence, unless first spoken to by him.—All other conversation is conducted in whispers. The King was in the painting room, one morning as usual, and a number of

the courtiers were present, among whom was a particular nobleman, who had long been envious of Mr. West's high standing with the King and was using every artifice to wound his fame. It happened that a gazette extraordinary had that morning been sent down from London, giving an account of the battle of Camblen in South Carolina—This the nobleman thought would be a good opportunity to attack Mr. West in presence of the King. Accordingly without paying any regard to the propriety of the occasion, he addressed Mr. West in a loud voice, and a short dialogue ensued in nearly the following terms; Mr. West, have you heard the news from town this morning? No, sir, I have not seen the papers of to-day. Then sir, let me inform you that his Majesty's troops in South-Carolina have gained a splendid victory over the rebels, your countrymen; this I suppose, cannot be very pleasant news to you, Mr. West! Mr. West saw the snare that was laid for him, & determined if he must die he would die like a man. He therefore replied, no sir, this is not pleasant news to me, for I never can rejoice at the misfortunes of my countrymen. The King, who, till this moment, had not appeared to regard the conversation now turned and said to Mr. West,—Sir, that answer does you honour, and then immediately addressing himself to the lord, added—Sir, let me tell you, that, in my opinion, any man who is capable of rejoicing in the calamities of his country, can never make a good subject of any government."

An Irish officer of dragoons on hearing that his mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, 'By J—, I hope she won't have a son older than me, for if she has I shall be cut out of the estate.'

A lady was induced to attend a sermon preached by a Scotch clergyman; and being asked her opinion of it as she came out of church, declared, that it was broad as it was long.

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## Poetic Department.

*To a Lady with a Ring.*

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed :—"  
So, sixteen years ago, I said—  
Behold another ring! "for what?"  
To wed thee o'er again—why not?

With that first ring I married youth,  
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;  
Taste, long admir'd; sense long rever'd  
And all my Molly then appeared.

If she, by merit since disclos'd,  
Proved twice the woman I supposed,  
I plead that double merit now,  
To justify a double vow.

Here then, to day, with faith as sure,  
With ardour as intense and pure,  
As when amid the rights divine,  
I took thy troth, and plighted mine.

To thee, sweet girl! my second ring,  
A token and a pledge I bring;  
With this I wed, till death us part,  
Thy riper virtues to my heart;

Those virtues which, before untry'd,  
The wife has added to the bride;  
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,  
Endearing wedlock's very name,  
My soul enjoys, my song approves  
For conscience sake, as well as love's.

For why?—They show me hour by hour,  
Honour's high thought, Affection's pow'r,  
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,  
And teach me all things, but—Repentance.

*From the Port Folio.*

## THE GIRL I LOVE.

Should Fate command me hence to rove,  
And far o'er distant lands to stray,  
My song shall be—The girl I love,  
To soothe my heart when far away.

I'll often think on evenings long,  
When I have seen her light and gay,  
And she shall be my sweetest song,  
When o'er the sea and far away.

Her gentle chat and loving smile,  
With jovial mirth and sportive play,  
Shall oft my saddest hours beguile,  
When I am distant—far away.

Yes, when the raging billows roar,  
And fill my heart with sore dismay,  
I'll think upon my native shore,  
And sing of thee when far away.

When lone and sad the hours I count,  
And long to find the close of day,  
My soul on Fancy's wing shall mount,  
And fly to thee when far away.

Yes, loving girl, on thee I'll muse,  
While I am doom'd to rove and stray;  
And wilt thou, then a sigh refuse,  
Or think of me, when far away?

HERMINIUS.

*Reflections during Sickness.*

Now pale, dejected, on my bed I lie,  
While racking thoughts disturb my troubled  
brain;

While Peace and meek Content my bosom  
fly,  
And leave me pining 'neath th' extremes of  
pain.

And dreams of horror craze my youthful  
head,  
Chill my young fibres; "shoot from vein to  
vein;"

And hard as adamant the downy bed  
To me a prey to wretchedness and pain.

And when by chance, my wearied eyelids  
close,  
A hideous spectre rises to my view;  
Relentless tells me, of th' unnumber'd woes  
I yet must conquer, and must yet subdue.

With such corrosive care, such baneful  
grief,  
And heartfelt evils I can scarce contend;  
Thy sting, Oh Death! would give a sweet  
relief,  
And put to misery and to pain an end.

ROMEO.

## [FROM THE PORT FOLIO]

## THE OLD BACHELOR'S LAMENTATION

A Song.—Tune, "There is no luck."

I'm an old bachelor, half way down  
My life's declivity,  
Although the sweetest girls in town  
Once set their caps for me.

No loving wife at home have I,  
No prattlers on my knee;  
And if I live, or if I die,  
None cares a groat for me.

Yet I was once as blithe and gay  
As sky-lark on the wind,

Was all the ton in dance or play,  
To frolic or to sing.

But now an odd old put am I,  
A stupid wretched thing,  
And might as well attempt to fly,  
As frolic, dance, or sing.

Ye young men all while in your prime,  
Ne'er let occasion slip,  
Before the withering hand of Time  
The buds of pleasure nip.

But on some fair one, in a trice,  
Bestow your heart and hand,  
E're one is stone, the other ice,  
And love is contraband.

[The following song, entitled "Poor Jack's Return," is so replete with beauties, and conveys so good a moral lesson, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying it before our readers :]

WHAT cheer my dear Poll?—did'nt I tell  
you as how.

That "perhaps I should laughing come  
back?

Now you plainly perceive that my words are  
come true,

So accept a salute from Poor Jack :  
My heart's rigg'd with truth, and my honest  
ty tight:

Not a stripe of false colours I wear ;  
And the compass of love has directed me  
right,

To be bless'd with the charms of my fair ;  
So, d'ye see, that the chaplain may splice us  
in one,

Let me steer to Hymen's kind shore,  
For Jack is resolv'd, until that shall be  
done,

To depart from his Polly no more.

Let your fine courtly lubbers palaver and  
boast,

Who ne'er sail'd on sincerity's main ;  
Let 'em cowardly skulk upon flattery's  
coast,

Such buccanier swabs I disdain.  
It ne'er shall be said that Jack has yet to  
learn,

How to guard such a consort as you :  
Do you think I'll croud canvass and drop  
you astern !

No shiver my jib, if I do :—  
So, my dear girl, let me take you in tow,  
Since again I'm safe anchor'd on shore ;

For until 'fore the chaplain I've plighted my  
vow,  
I'll depart from my Polly no more.

Let the mild breeze of virtue still waft thee  
thro' life,

By the helm of fair constancy steer,  
Nor the rocks, nor the shoals, nor the quick  
sands of strife,

Start my planks, if you ever need fear :  
'Cause why d'ye mind, while the little sweet  
youth

Sits smiling on watch up above,  
Can the tempest of fate snap the cable of  
truth,

Or drag from the anchor of love ;  
So coil up your doubts, my sweet char-  
mer nor think

To be wreck'd on misfortune's lee shore ;  
Should adversity board us, together we'll  
sink,

Ah! never to part any more.

O my shipmates! remember, our chap-  
lain would say,

(On his log-book he preach'd to us oft)  
There's a mighty commander, whom all must  
obey,

That will order good Christians aloft :  
Then avast, my dear girl, swab the lights of  
your face,

Don't let smiv'ling your pleasure annoy ;  
O my timbers! I like not such squalls to  
take place

On the smooth bosom'd ocean of joy :  
Bear a hand then, my love, with the current  
of bliss,

Let's be stretching for Hymen's kind  
shore ;

For until we're united, depend upon this,  
I'll depart from my Polly no more.

### I OWE YOU ONE.

HARRY came to me last week,  
But I bade the rogue begone ;  
With his lips he touch'd my cheek,  
For, said he, "I owe you one."

Then he call'd me love and dear,  
And my shoulder lean'd upon ;  
With a box, though, in the ear,  
"Sir," cried I, "I PAY you one."

Acting then the lover's part,  
How the fellow's tongue ran on—  
Swearing he had lost his heart,  
And of course, "I ow'd him one."

Then he paid me double price,  
For no bounds his raptures knew—  
Kissing once, and kissing twice,  
"Oh," said he, "I owe you two."

[The ease and tenderness of the following lines will recommend them to every person of taste and reflection.].....*E. Post.*

### EARLY LIFE.

WHEN young in life, nor known to sorrow,  
How lightly flew the gladsome day!  
Gay dreams of bliss brought on the morrow,  
And gilt the sun's declining ray.

Then, sweet and tranquil were my slumbers—  
Then, never "wak'd mine eyes to weep,"  
No sorrow which the heart encumbers,  
Poison'd the balm of downy sleep.

No treach'rous friendship then had found me,  
Nor death's dread power had rent my heart—  
Hope spread her fair illusions round me,  
And play'd the dear deceiver's part.

She pictur'd years of tranquil pleasure,  
Peace and content she held to view;  
My trusting heart dwelt o'er its treasure,  
And thought the lovely vision true.

Ah! scenes of joy, by fancy given,  
To cheat th'enraptur'd gazing eye!  
Say why, alas! ye promise heaven,  
And give—but disappointment's sigh?

Dear days of bliss! ye wake my sorrow—  
Now, slowly moves the tedious day,  
While sombre shades o'ereloud the morrow,  
And shroud the sun's declining ray.

CLARA.

### THE PARTING.

Oh God! it is no very easy task  
To shake the hand, to articulate  
"adieu!"

When the soul's meaning spurns the specious mask;  
And gives the last, last look, to speechless feeling true;  
For friendship never could its sense express,  
Nor warmer love its pang of parting tell;  
But oft the hand, extended to caress  
The lip of swerveless faith, where loiters long "farewel!"  
Like coward flies—nor take the grappling grasp  
Of that close, clinging, following fool—the heart  
No, yet affection's wild and bosom clasp,  
With kiss of honey'd glue that knows not how to part.  
Yes! I have fled full oft, and smother'd with a smile  
A heart with anguish rent—weeping life's blood the while!

### THE RETURN.

THE same keen sense that barbs the pang to part,  
Points the wild rapture when return draws nigh,  
When bosoms beat to bliss, warm heart to heart,  
Hand grappling hand, and eye encountering eye,  
The round tear sliding down the burning cheek,  
In sweet elysium lapt the speechless powers;  
Or eyes suffus'd that eloquently speak  
Shining like summer's suns thro' May's soft showers!  
Then, then it is that souls of purer fire  
Snatch the rare rapture sacred to the few;  
The clinging kiss—the chat unknown to tire,  
And blest embrace which dullards never knew.  
Oh! let me count not life by days and years,  
But smiles of sweet return through separation's tears!

[The following lines of the eminently ingenious and pious *DR. DODDRIDGE*, addressed to his "*Wife's Bosom*," are a more forcible plea for marriage, than are a hundred libertine arguments against it.]

OPEN, open, lovely breast,  
Lull my weary head to rest ;  
Soft and warm, and sweet and fair,  
Balmy antidote to care.  
Fragrant source of sure delight,  
Downy couch of welcome night,  
Ornament of rising day,  
Always constant, always gay !

In this gentle calm retreat,  
All the train of graces meet ;  
Truth, and innocence, and love,  
From this temple ne're remove.  
Sacred virtue's worthiest shrine,  
Art thou here, and art thou mine ?  
Wonder, gratitude and joy,  
Blest vicissitude ! employ  
Every moment, every thought,  
Crowds of cares are long forgot.

Open, open, beauteous brest,  
Angels here might seek their rest.

Cæsar, fill thy shining throne,  
A nobler seat I call my own.  
Here I reign with boundless sway,  
Here I triumph night and day ;  
Spacious empire ! glorious power !  
*Mine* of inexhausted store !

Let the wretched love to roam ;  
Joy and I can live at home.  
Open, open, balmy breast,  
Into raptures waken rest.

—\*—  
REPARTEE.

One day a justice much enlarg'd  
On industry—while he discharg'd  
A thief from jail—"Go work," he said  
'Go, prithee learn some better trade,  
Or mark my word, you'll rue it'  
"My trade's as good, (replied the knave,)  
As any man need wish to have ;  
And if it don't succeed, d'ye see,  
The falt, sir, lies with *you*, not *me*,  
You won't let *me* pursue it.

Says Stephron to Chloe th'other day,  
Do you in earnest love me, as you say ?

Or are those tender words applied  
To fifty other girls beside ?

Dear ! cruel girl, cried he, for-  
bear,

For by those eyes, those lips, I  
swear—

She stop'd him, as the oath he took,  
And said, "you've sworn, *come kiss the book.*"

Almost all the epitaphs on the tombstones, in the graveyard in Dorchester are written in rhymes, and they generally mention the profession or office of the person deceased, with some striking circumstance of his character. As the following:

Here lies deacon John Auricular,  
Who in GOD's ways walk'd perpendicular.

EPITAPH.

Here lies TOM PAINE, who wrote in  
Liberty's defence,  
But in his '*Age of Reason*' lost his  
'*Common Sense.*'

EPITAPH

*In a country churchyard near Oxford*  
Here lies father and mother and I,  
And three sisters dear,  
'They were burried at *Heddington*,  
But I was buried here.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH

My *sledge* and *hammer* lie declin'd  
My *bellows* have quite lost their *wind*  
My *fire's* extinet, my *forge* decayed,  
My *vice* is in the dust all laid,  
My *coal* is spent, my *iron* gone,  
My *nails* are drove, my *work* is done,  
My *fire-dried* corpse lies here at rest,  
My *soul* like *smoke*, is soaring to be blest.

IN TWICKENHAM CHURCH-YARD.

Here lies I,  
Kill'd by a sky-  
Rocket in my eye.